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Notes

FOR its Sunday evening gatherings The Playgoers' Club has been getting recently a more lively kind of lecturer than it used to be content with, and on Sunday night Mr. Frank Harris delivered an oration that was literary rather than dramatic. His theme was Shakespeare, and with characteristic modesty he declared that to an English audience William was an unknown poet. No one, we are given to infer, except Mr. Frank Harris, had been able to read the poet's life in his works. The deliverance had at least the merit of being extremely interesting, Mr. Harris ingeniously extracting a biography from the works of Shakespeare. For example, the poet's departure from Stratford was described as the result of his matrimonial troubles, and the poem "Venus and Adonis," which he carried in his pocket, as a glorified description of the boredom of a golden youth under the blandishments of an old woman.

MANY passages were cited from the plays for the purpose of showing that William Shakespeare lived a life of spiritual struggle and unrest. He was, so to say, Hamlet all through the piece. The gaiety and lightness of his early plays gradually passed away and left nothing but gloom and blackness behind. It was only by a supreme effort that he plucked up sufficient spirit to write his final comedy, "The Tempest," with its sad and tragic epilogue. The Shakespearean theme of two kings—one of whom was the usurper and in possession, the other the rightful heir—was also given a personal application as though Shakespeare, by divine right king of his contemporaries, had been dethroned in favour of the fashionable poets of the hour. It was an ingenious essay, and whatever might be the opinion of the audience in regard to its soundness, there could be no dispute as to its being thoughtful and suggestive.

CONVOCATION at Oxford has accepted Mr. Alfred Beit's munificent offer of £1,310 a year for seven years for the maintenance of a Professor of Colonial History with appendages in the form of lecturers, prizes, and books. If at the end of the seven years the endowment proves of advantage to the University, Mr. Beit proposes to make it permanent. According to the Provost of Oriel, this is by far the largest gift that has been made to the University for a very long time; and it appears to have had the additional advantage of having been made by a man of business in a business form, which includes not only present certainty, but room for future modification.

THE Bodleian Library is to be congratulated on recovering its lost copy of the first folio Shakespeare. The copy was sent to the Bodleian, as the discussion at the Bibliographical Society this week showed, from the Stationers' Company, under an agreement of 1611, on February 17, 1624. But the Library Catalogue contained only the third edition of 1674. The book, once chained and apparently much read by graduates, disappeared. Thirty years ago it was offered to a large English library for opinion, and some vandal advised that it should be rebound. But the old binding was still in existence, and that, with the chain-marks on it and the threading and arrangement of the leaves, proved the genuineness of the volume.

AN interesting detail is the observation of what plays were most read between 1624 and the Civil Wars. The most worn play was "Romeo and Juliet"; and then, in order, "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "King Henry IV." (Part I.), "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Tempest," and "Hamlet." The last clearly did not hold then the position it has won since, while "Julius Caesar" has dropped behind.

HARVARD College Library has had the good fortune and the enterprise to secure from a German bookseller a copy of a poem, hitherto supposed lost, by Samuel Rowlands. The only thing known about the poem before this discovery was the entry in the Stationers' Register, May 22, 1617: "Master Pauier. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Tauernor and both the wardens, A Poeme, intituled The Bride, written by Samuel Rowlande." The volume is a small quarto, and the poem, which is in Rowlands' favourite six-line stanza, is a discourse and dialogue for and against marriage by a bride and her friends. When the book has been published in facsimile, it will, no doubt, be clear that the poem claims descent from the many Italian works of the same kind which are reflected in much of our Elizabethan and Jacobean literature; notably in "Much Ado about Nothing."

IN consequence of the death of Arnold Glover, the publication of the first two volumes of the edition of the text of Beaumont and Fletcher, upon which he was at work for the syndics at Cambridge University Press, will be somewhat delayed. They will be issued as soon as possible, completed by A. R. Waller, who will be responsible for the remaining volumes of the edition.

WRITING in the "North American Review" Mr. William Roscoe Thayer makes as frank an appeal as we have seen for a return to the old view of history. Twenty years ago the writer who dared to hint that the great man was of any importance in the history of the world would have been held a bad philosopher. Now the pendulum is swinging back. We are all a little tired of the talk of tendencies, movements, and so forth, and the stiff, logical formulæ of the "scientific" historian; and are coming to see once more that the great men are not "negligible quantities," as some phlegmatic person declared of Napoleon, but the real, the vital forces at work on the world.

It is impossible, continues Mr. Thayer, to explain the great men, in Taine's fashion, so easily from the "moment" and the "environment." "The epoch of Romanticism of course produced Romanticists," writes Mr. Thayer; "Keats was so indisputably a product of his time and conditions—have we not every-day proof that the sons of stablemen take to reading 'The Faerie Queene' and classical mythology, and to writing exquisite poetry?" And again: these doctrinaires "pick out certain elements in Dante's time, let us say, and frame them into a machine which could not help making Dante; and then they triumphantly assure us that they have 'accounted for Dante.'" But, were their logic sound, the machine ought to have produced "nothing but Dantes, a whole population of Dantes."

MR. THAYER, therefore, prophesies. "We stand on the threshold of a new era, in which the individual shall be magnified as he never was before." What is the whole story of modern scientific and commercial progress but the story of the glorification of the individual? For the man of birth and position we have substituted, or are substituting, the man of brains and character. The future of biography is assured so far as material goes, for, as Mr. Thayer says, great men will be more frequent than of old; but what of the biographers? To judge from the specimens recently published (and they are many), the prospect is not so bright in that quarter.

It is never fair to judge a man by his after-dinner speeches, particularly when he is the guest of the evening; but Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's remarks at the Authors' Club this week showed both confusion of thought and a little humorous misstatement of fact. It is true, no doubt, that the drama is nowadays too exclusively concerned with Park Lane and Belgravia; but what is true of the drama is not true of modern fiction. More than ever before, our fiction is interested in the middle-classes; and to mention George Eliot and Dickens as examples of better things prevailing in the past is to overlook the fact that, were they living now, they would be far less exceptional in their choice of material than they were then.

WHEN Mr. Jerome indulges in the inevitable sneer of the popular author at the "superior critic" who had accused him of belonging to the middle classes, he clearly misses the point of that critic's remark. The middle classes to which he assigned Mr. Jerome were (if he had any right to the title of superior) not the social but the intellectual middle classes. The critic's quarrel with Mr. Jerome is that, being a man of great ability, he consistently prefers to appeal to a lower order of mind, to the middle-class intellect. And every critic who fails to prove himself "superior" by refusing to be put off

with the second-best or third-best, is simply failing in his duty to literature and to the public, whose taste it is his privilege to aid, however humbly, in purifying.

THE second number of a new monthly magazine, "The Dickensian," which is published for the Dickens Fellowship, contains a notice of "Oliver Twist" that appeared in "The Monthly Review" for January, 1839. It is a piece of very sound criticism. The writer puts his finger gently on a number of weak spots. The tale, he says, consists rather of a succession of sketches than of a cunningly-conceived plot, "or a progressively arresting tale, where each chapter enchains the attention, not only with a sustained, but increasing power." There is too much in it of muscular agony, more of the horrible than the awful and grand.

Boz revels, continues the critic, "while painting low or degraded nature, among objects, which, unless merely subservient to finer and higher elements equally well drawn and finished, never can awaken our nobler sympathies, nor prime and invigorate the wings of these awakened sensibilities." There, and in a good deal more to the same effect, speak the thirties, with their quaint views of the relation of art to morals, and their rigid ideas of what was and was not proper material for the artist.

BUT the article is full of discriminating comment, of a kind that has been too little used by critics of Dickens. On the opposite page, for instance, of the same number, we find Mr. J. W. T. Ley, in an appreciative notice of Mr. Teignmouth Shore's excellent little book on Dickens, finding fault with him, as it seems, for being temperate in opinion, and daring to keep his head in the presence of the idol.

A VERY interesting article in the "Hampstead Annual for 1904-5" concerns Canon Ainger. Ainger was fond of Hampstead, where he had spent much of his childhood, and where he lived from 1876 to 1895. The writer of the article remembers his play, "Midas," which was performed at Carlton Hill in 1851, with Charles Dickens in the cast; and in 1868 Ainger began that long series of Shakespeare readings which won him even more renown among his friends than his literary successes. Each play took two or three evenings, the reading lasting about an hour and a half.

THE flexible beauty of Ainger's voice, his scholarship, and his vivid imagination made these readings a rare pleasure. Passion and grace, innocence and turpitude, the elfin gaiety of Oberon and the broad comedy of Bottom all seem to have come at will to Ainger's tongue. It is a little surprising to those who never heard him read to learn that his finest part of all was—Falstaff!

MR. DAVID NUTT has ceased to issue "The Modern Language Quarterly." The publication is to be split into two parts to meet two divergent streams of opinion in the Modern Language Association. The learned section is still to have its Quarterly under the editorship of Professor Robertson. The members who are schoolmasters—not, it is hoped, an unlearned section—are to have a paper issued eight or nine times a year under the title of "Modern Language Teaching," published by Messrs. Black and edited by Professor Rippmann. Every member of the Association will receive both publications.

MR. JAMES STEAD EDINGTON has left to his native town of North Shields his whole collection of engravings of the British and foreign schools. The Turners are stated to be exceptionally complete; and Cruikshank, Leech, Hogarth, Bewick, and Rowlandson are also well represented.

Bibliographical

THE "Original Letters, &c., of Sir James Falstaff and his Friends," which we reviewed in our issue of February 11, were first published anonymously in 1796 and reissued in 1797, and a reprint was published in 1877, that reprint and the present, too, perhaps, owing their existence rather to the association of the book with Elia than to its inherent value. Another book dealing with the fat knight that might be worth reprinting is "The Life of Sir John Falstaff," by Robert B. Brough (1857-8). This work has not the literary interest of White's "Falstaff Letters," but it has a specially attractive feature in twenty admirable etchings by George Cruikshank, illustrating the life and adventures of Sir John. Originally published in monthly parts, and as a volume on its completion, this work has never been reprinted.

It is announced, I notice, that Professor W. W. Skeat is to follow up his modernised versions of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," in the King's Classics, with a modernised "Vision of Piers Plowman." If such works are to be "modernised," Professor Skeat is the man best fitted for the task, for he has for forty years been a student of Piers Plowman; he has already published "Parallel Extracts from Twenty-nine MSS. of Piers Plowman"—Early English Text Society—(1866); "Pierce the Ploughman's Creed" (1867); "The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman"—Clarendon Press Series—(1869, sixth edition 1891); and completed his series of "Parallel Texts" in 1886. Professor Skeat's new version will, I believe, be in the old metre; we already have a version of "Langland's Vision of Piers the Plowman" done into modern prose by Miss Kate M. Warren (1895, second edition 1899).

The success of the Temple Classics and the World's Classics seems to have inspired some publishers with a desire to keep on "going one better" in the pleasant game of cheapening good books. Each season sees new series entered upon, and now we are promised three competing series of "classics" at sixpence per volume. The latest announcement at this price is of the Cameo Classics, in which we are to be given cloth-bound books averaging 256 pages apiece, and in which, it seems, no classic is to be included that cannot be brought within the Procrustean compass of a single volume of that size. The new series is apparently to interpret the term "classics" in a wider sense than its competitors, for it is to include works to which some of us would scarcely feel inclined to give that honourable appellation, such as Lytton's "Eugene Aram," Griffin's "Colleen Bawn," and Ainsworth's "Miser's Daughter." Earlier series—the Temple Classics, the Thin Paper Classics, and others—maintain their high position by only including works to which the name may fitly be applied. Popular fiction might well be reissued under another series-title. A reader who studies the output of works in these series of reprints cannot but be amazed at the way in which certain works are reissued apparently with but very little regard to the number of editions of them already on the market.

A new edition of Edward FitzGerald's "Polonius: a Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances" has been published during the past week. First published anonymously in 1852, a separate reprint of this was issued by Messrs. Methuen in 1903, and it is also obtainable in a volume of FitzGerald's "Miscellanies," in Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series and in Routledge's Universal Library. "I doubt it will be but a losing affair," wrote the author just after the first publication of his little book. Yet little more than half a century after he wrote those words there are four cheap editions of it from which readers may make their choice.

The late General Lewis Wallace, or "Lew" Wallace as he abbreviated himself on his title-pages, in accordance with an American custom, was mainly known in England by one story. "Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ" was published just a quarter of a century ago, and in those five and twenty years sixteen firms have published here two dozen issues of the story, representing a huge output. Lew Wallace's first story was hailed in England by the leading critical journals as one of the most powerful historical novels of its day, and it also has appeared in several English editions, though it cannot be said to have vied in popularity with "Ben Hur." The following is a list of his books: "The Fair God; or, the Last of the Tzins: a Tale of the Conquest of Mexico" (1873); "Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ" (1880); "The Boyhood of Christ" (1888); "Life of General Benjamin Harrison" (1888); "The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell" (1893); "The Wooing of Malkatoon (a poem) and Commodus (a drama)" (1898).

WALTER JERROLD.

The Decay of Essay-writing.

THE spread of education and the necessity which haunts us to impart what we have acquired have led, and will lead still further, to some startling results. We read of the over-burdened British Museum—how even its appetite for printed matter flags, and the monster pleads that it can swallow no more. This public crisis has long been familiar in private houses. One member of the household is almost officially deputed to stand at the hall door with flaming sword and do battle with the invading armies. Tracts, pamphlets, advertisements, gratuitous copies of magazines, and the literary productions of friends come by post, by van, by messenger—come at all hours of the day and fall in the night, so that the morning breakfast-table is fairly snowed up with them.

This age has painted itself more faithfully than any other in a myriad of clever and conscientious though not supremely great works of fiction; it has tried seriously to liven the faded colours of bygone ages; it has delved industriously with spade and axe in the rubbish-heaps and ruins; and, so far, we can only applaud our use of pen and ink. But if you have a monster like the British public to feed, you will try to tickle its stale palate in new ways; fresh and amusing shapes must be given to the old commodities—for we really have nothing so new to say that it will not fit into one of the familiar forms. So we confine ourselves to no one literary medium; we try to be new by being old; we revive mystery-plays and affect an archaic accent; we deck ourselves in the fine raiment of an embroidered style; we cast off all clothing and disport ourselves nakedly. In short, there is no end to our devices, and at this very moment probably some ingenious youth

is concocting a fresh one which, be it ever so new, will grow stale in its turn. If there are thus an infinite variety of fashions in the external shapes of our wares, there are a certain number—naturally not so many—of wares that are new in substance and in form which we have either invented or very much developed. Perhaps the most significant of these literary inventions is the invention of the personal essay. It is true that it is at least as old as Montaigne, but we may count him the first of the moderns. It has been used with considerable frequency since his day, but its popularity with us is so immense and so peculiar that we are justified in looking upon it as something of our own—typical, characteristic, a sign of the times which will strike the eye of our great-great-grandchildren. Its significance, indeed, lies not so much in the fact that we have attained any brilliant success in essay-writing—no one has approached the essays of Elia—but in the undoubted facility with which we write essays as though this were beyond all others our natural way of speaking. The peculiar form of an essay implies a peculiar substance; you can say in this shape what you cannot with equal fitness say in any other. A very wide definition obviously must be that which will include all the varieties of thought which are suitably enshrined in essays; but perhaps if you say that an essay is essentially egoistical you will not exclude many essays and you will certainly include a portentous number. Almost all essays begin with a capital I—"I think," "I feel"—and when you have said that, it is clear that you are not writing history or philosophy or biography or anything but an essay, which may be brilliant or profound, which may deal with the immortality of the soul, or the rheumatism in your left shoulder, but is primarily an expression of personal opinion.

We are not—there is, alas! no need to prove it—more subject to ideas than our ancestors; we are not, I hope, in the main more egoistical; but there is one thing in which we are more highly skilled than they are; and that is in manual dexterity with a pen. There can be no doubt that it is to the art of penmanship that we owe our present literature of essays. The very great of old—Homer and Æschylus—could dispense with a pen; they were not inspired by sheets of paper and gallons of ink; no fear that their harmonies, passed from lip to lip, should lose their cadence and die. But our essayists write because the gift of writing has been bestowed on them. Had they lacked writing-masters we should have lacked essayists. There are, of course, certain distinguished people who use this medium from genuine inspiration because it best embodies the soul of their thought. But, on the other hand, there is a very large number who make the fatal pause, and the mechanical act of writing is allowed to set the brain in motion which should only be accessible to a higher inspiration.

The essay, then, owes its popularity to the fact that its proper use is to express one's personal peculiarities, so that under the decent veil of print one can indulge one's egoism to the full. You need know nothing of music, art, or literature to have a certain interest in their productions, and the great burden of modern criticism is simply the expression of such individual likes and dislikes—the amiable garrulity of the tea-table—cast into the form of essays. If men and women must write, let them leave the great mysteries of art and literature unassailed; if they told us frankly not of the books that we can all read and the pictures which hang for us all to see, but of that single book to which they alone have the key and of that solitary picture whose

face is shrouded to all but one gaze—if they would write of themselves—such writing would have its own permanent value. The simple words "I was born" have somehow a charm beside which all the splendours of romance and fairy-tale turn to moonshine and tinsel. But though it seems thus easy enough to write of one's self, it is, as we know, a feat but seldom accomplished. Of the multitude of autobiographies that are written, one or two alone are what they pretend to be. Confronted with the terrible spectre of themselves, the bravest are inclined to run away or shade their eyes. And thus, instead of the honest truth which we should all respect, we are given timid side-glances in the shape of essays, which, for the most part, fail in the cardinal virtue of sincerity. And those who do not sacrifice their beliefs to the turn of a phrase or the glitter of paradox think it beneath the dignity of the printed word to say simply what it means; in print they must pretend to an oracular and infallible nature. To say simply "I have a garden, and I will tell you what plants do best in my garden" possibly justifies its egoism; but to say "I have no sons, though I have six daughters, all unmarried, but I will tell you how I should have brought up my sons had I had any" is not interesting, cannot be useful, and is a specimen of the amazing and unclothed egoism for which first the art of penmanship and then the invention of essay-writing are responsible.

VIRGINIA STEPHEN.

The Clouds of Aristophanes

IN a few days the "Clouds" of Aristophanes will be played at Oxford—the first public performance of this play, it is said, before a modern audience. The announcement sends us to our shelves to look up again our old friend Socrates, suspended in his clothes-basket, "treading the air," as he explains, and feeding his contempt for the gods on a more familiar contemplation of heavenly things. That is probably the picture which is most vividly recalled by any reader of the play, though it is a mere incident and one of no considerable duration. It will probably be the same even when we have seen the play acted, as it is by far the most grotesque touch in the piece. But before we have read more than a few lines, the rest comes back to us. Here is that hoary old sinner Strepsiades, an Athenian country squire, who has somehow been pushed into marrying into the great house of the Alcmaeonidae, and so has seen his son Pheidippides pampered into a fast young blood who is always getting him into debt. One might feel some sympathy for the old man if it were not that stupidity is the only restraint upon his knavery. He is bent upon finding "a new way to pay old debts," or rather not to pay them at all, and he tries to induce his son to become a pupil in this newfangled school of Sophistry, which stands conveniently next door to his town-house, because he understands that Socrates professes to teach his pupils to make "the worse appear the better reason." Pheidippides is "blowed if he will": he is not going to give up horse-racing to become a "pale student" and the laughing-stock of his horsey "pals." So the old man trots round to the Thinking-School himself, and, after being fooled by the pupil who opens the door with some of the sheer nonsense which Aristophanes evidently enjoyed as much as we may imagine his "gallery" would, he is admitted to the afore-mentioned spectacle of Socrates in the familiar situation of the *deus ex machina*. Socrates

shortly descends and initiates the neophyte in the new religion—natural religion, it may be called, for the deities of this theogony are Air and Ether and Chaos and the Clouds themselves—who accordingly make their appearance.

The entry of the Cloud-chorus is the opportunity for Aristophanes to swing off into the anapaests, trochaics, and choric metres, which he loves, and in which he moves with a marvellous rollicking *abandon*. It is also his first great opportunity for real poetry. In the "Acharnians" and the "Knights" he had given glimpses of it; and more than glimpses of his appreciation of it, in the ease and vividness of his constant parody of poetic diction. But in the chorus of Clouds we get a real foretaste of the supreme triumph of the "Birds," the poet's fancy and eloquence let loose and playing at ease in the midst of the mockery and roaring farce of the comic spirit. Translation can never give the glancing radiance of Greek lyrics; we have not the pellucid metres, the myriad-rippling laughter of the short syllables: but Mr. Godley's dexterity does all that can be done. The Clouds are invoked by Socrates, and Strepsiades in a fright exclaims:

"Wait a minute, let me wrap up tight before the rain begins. Only think; I left my cap at home behind me, for my sins!"

Socrates continues his invocation, and the Clouds are heard singing in the distance:

"Clouds arise!
Loud resounding Ocean's daughters,
Blown of winds and born of waters,
Floating ever through the skies,
Rise we higher, till we rest
On the mountain leafy-tressed,
From that beacon-height espying
Holy earth before us lying,
Watered mead and fruitful hill,
Stream divine and murmuring rill,
Seas whose boisterous billows roar
Ever on the sounding shore.
Now that Ether's tireless eye
Flashes forth in brilliancy,
Let our bright eternal form
Doff its veil of rain and storm:
Earth is fair before our eyes—
Clouds arise!"

In the scene which follows, fine descriptive phrases and poetic epithets, which Aristophanes always has at call from his inexhaustible memory of other men's poetry, are jumbled up with the absurdest jests of Strepsiades as he receives his first lesson in natural philosophy. Similarly in the Parabasis the Clouds display a supreme indifference to the atheism of their convener and invoke the orthodox deities, Zeus, Poseidon, Phœbus and Artemis, Athena, Dionysus, along with the new god, "their father, the name of awe, holiest Ether, the life-giver to all": and mingle with this the usual political satire and appeal for the favour of the audience and for the dramatic prize. In the acting edition this latter part, which really comes first and forms the Parabasis proper, is cut; it could scarcely be made intelligible except to scholars, and even for them it is a well-known stone of stumbling. It contains, however, the interesting statement that the author considered the "Clouds" the cleverest of his comedies up to that date—a remark due to the fact that on its first presentation it was not successful; that it does not depend upon the grotesque and low buffoonery of the typical comedy, but on its own original ideas and its style. "Low comedy" is, no doubt, a relative term. There is some in the "Clouds" too low for modern representation;

but, compared with most of Aristophanes' own plays, the "Clouds" is rather quiet. The poet is supposed to have burnt his fingers a little with the flaming scurrility of his attack upon Cleon in the "Knights"; but such differences as these are between the two plays may safely be referred to difference of subject. Ridicule of sophistical subtleties is bound to take a somewhat intellectual tone; and, indeed, a good deal of the jesting in the "Clouds" would have been caviare to almost any popular audience except at Athens—where, in point of fact, it was clearly less relished than the broader humour of the "Acharnians" and the "Knights."

Well, that curious institution, the Parabasis, has done what it must do—withdraw our attention from the course of the play. Not that this matters much in the Old Comedy, in which plot was never of much account. In the "Clouds" the action is resumed in a second lesson given to Strepsiades, this time in pedantic quibbling, with which Socrates tries to inoculate the old man by means of flea-bites—scope, of course, for a good deal of comic business. Strepsiades, however, is a hopeless dunce, and has, after all, to induce Pheidippides to take his place as a pupil. "You'll be sorry for it some day," says the son, who is then left on the stage to listen to the famous dispute between the Just and the Unjust Arguments. What he is to do during this long altercation must tax the ingenuity of the actor or manager: unlike Dionysus in the otherwise very similar scene in the "Frogs," Pheidippides has not a word to say while the two Arguments spout their long lines. As far as the rest of us are concerned, however, the wit and the satire, the human nature, the national feeling, even the moral fervour, and the one touch of poetry, where the healthy young Athenian is pictured enjoying his manly exercises under the olives of the garden of Academus, carrying with him the breath of fresh flowers, of quivering poplars, and of a careless life,

"Happy in the joy of springtime, when the flowers are
born again,
And the elm-tree gently whispers secrets to the list'ning
plane":—

all this makes the episode of the Just and Unjust Arguments, at any rate to the reader, the cream of the whole play. It is followed by some short and funny fooling between Strepsiades and a couple of creditors, fat Pasion and fop Amynias; and then vengeance swiftly overtakes the old rascal, who comes running in unmercifully beaten by his son. Pheidippides has proved so apt a pupil that he can not only beat his father, but justify the proceeding too. This brings the old man to his senses, and the play is carried to a sudden conclusion by his attacking the Thinking-School with fire and hatchet, climbing on to the roof, hacking it to pieces, and mocking poor Socrates, who is apparently consumed in the conflagration.

We shut up the book, with what result? Probably with the resolve, if we have leisure, to look up another of these plays to-morrow evening. The "Wasps" comes next in the book. We remember there is some good fooling in that, too, a mock trial, and so forth. But both that and the "Peace," which follows, are something of the nature of an anti-climax after the "Clouds"; and the chances are that we travel on to the "Birds" before we give ourselves up again to this master of laughter and language and rhythm. But, stay! If we are going to see the "Clouds" next week, perhaps we shall do wisely not to read the "Birds" beforehand, for the "Clouds," though it was "the cleverest of my comedies" up to its own date, is not as the "Birds" nor even as the "Frogs."

Reviews

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF R. S. HAWKER

By C. E. Byles. (Lane, 21s. net.)

A MAN fascinates and interests his fellow-men not so much by the intellectual achievements of his genius as by the genius which finds its vent in the expression of personality. He attracts by the mystery which covers the springs of his actions or idiosyncrasies. The character that lies plainly mapped out before us never stirs the imagination. Mysterious explanations, perplexed questionings and guessings and probings feed the curiosity of human nature and deepen the fascination of the unknown. It is the undiscovered country that is everything. Pull down the veil and the wonder and glamour go. In love it is the love that recedes and baffles through a lifetime that keeps its charm—the love that retires into the inner temple and dreads the full light of reason and familiarity. It is noticeable that there are some men of genius whose personal attraction is very slight. Bacon was greater than Sidney, but the enthusiasm and imagination that Sidney wakens have never concerned themselves with Bacon. People will devour every atom about R. L. Stevenson, but how many will dig into the personal records of Herbert Spencer? The fact that the latter was a philosopher and appealed less to the romantic-loving public is not the solution. Sir Thomas Browne, from under the dust of centuries, still has an entity that fascinates. In the same way we could take the arm of Montaigne, but would stand apart and admire Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam passing by. So we can perhaps say, without further dissertation, that a man is attractive and glorious to his fellow-men because of some potent fire which informs his personality and actions and is fed from sources we can only wonder at and guess. The Reverend R. S. Hawker has left behind him no literary remains which point to the possession of any extraordinary genius, and yet a baffling and beautiful soul leads us to examine every record and study every poem for a key. There is such a thing as an intelligent and profitable curiosity, and to indulge it in this case is surely permissible. In "The Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker" just published we turn page after page and only manage to catch the flying skirts of the Vicar. He barricades himself behind the fortifications of some mediæval walled town, he buries himself beneath the long Atlantic rollers, he shuts his ears with the shout of their upheaval, he almost closes his eyes to aught but the splendour and wonder of their invasion. A visionary, a poet, a humourist, a priest, Hawker, Mr. Byles well says, might be termed our last Christian in the sense that St. Francis of Assisi, for example, understood Christianity. His love of fighting was perhaps the only quality in which he differed from the gentlest of the saints. There are still some who believe that modern science is a tool the devil has put into the hands of sinners, but Hawker's certainty of that is only equalled by his belief in witchcraft, charms, pixies, mermaids, evil eyes, the immediate answer of prayers, the damnable of dissent, and much else allied to these. But he made his parish of Morwenstow. He rescued and tended the shipwrecked, he consoled the wicked, he spent his income on charity, and his devotion allowed him to fall into lifelong monetary embarrassments. He was a very wild, naughty boy, and, as a youth, full of practical jokes and uncomfortable animal spirits. An incident, out of many similar in his boyhood, displays his "fun." "He tukt the ball o' twine

out o' the cordwainer's shop and wounded up the whole town in twine, so as people passin' along was pitched on their noses without zactly knowin' why. Then dressin' up in seaweed and not much else and settin' on a rock down to Bude in the moonlight and combing his hair and zingin' till all the town went out to see un: they thought it was a merrymaid sure enough. An' ther he set an' zinged every night till a varmer tukt a gun an' tried to shut un." By a natural sequence the perpetrator of this prank and many others followed up his eccentric reputation by marrying, while an undergraduate at Oxford, a lady who was forty-one. That was in 1823, when Hawker was a month short of twenty. However, it was a very congenial marriage, and Hawker was broken-hearted when his wife died at Morwenstow in 1863. In 1834 he was ordained to the parish of Morwenstow, a lonely Cornish hamlet thirty miles from anywhere. Indeed, Hawker was only on a railway once or twice in his life, and from that we may draw some conclusions as to the mental condition resulting from his physical isolation. Hawker came among a primitive community at Morwenstow—primitive in two senses, for smugglers and wreckers were not yet extinguished. Stern, bigoted Churchman, superstitious and pious as an early saint, Hawker proves in his descriptions of his village and its inhabitants that he possessed, if ever a man did, the dual personality. Here is one of his sketches, full of sympathy and humour and a wide humanity: "Poor old Tristram Pentire! How he comes up before me as I pronounce his name! That light, active, half-stooping form, bent as though he had a brace of kegs upon his shoulders still, those thin, grey, rusty locks that fell upon a forehead seamed with the wrinkles of threescore years and five; the cunning glance that questioned in his eye, and that nose carried always at half-cock, with a red blaze along its ridge, scorched by the departing footstep of the fierce fiend Alcohol, when he fled before the reinforcements of the coastguard. He was the last of the smugglers. He had taken a bold part in every landing on the coast, man and boy, full forty years; throughout which time all kinds of men had largely trusted him with their brandy and their lives, and true and faithful had he been to them, as sheath to steel." When Hawker took him as "parson's man" he tried to point out occasionally that his former vocation was hardly desirable. The old man used to concede, "Well, sir, I do think, when I come to look back, and to consider what lives we used to live—drink all night and idle abed all day, cussing, swearing, fighting, gambling, lying, and always prepared to shet the gauger—I do really believe, sir, we surely was in sin." That and many other appreciations make us thankful to Hawker for saving us these records of the past.

If Hawker made Morwenstow, Morwenstow both developed and narrowed his character. He imbibed the superstitions, witness the extraordinary cures and charms he so trustfully inscribed in his notebook. He adopted the native practice of making certain curious movements with his fingers if he met any one who possessed an "evil eye." He saw visions, and there is often in his mental state, in his biblical atmosphere, and peculiar hallucinations, much that just falls short of the inspired madness of William Blake. He was a violent controversialist, and always believed Heaven fought on his side, that unseen witnesses and powers declared for him. It is no spirit of to-day in the English

or Roman Church that we hear speaking. "Not long ago, on St. Lucy's Day, I desired to understand why Her eyes on a dish in her hand are always shown in the old frescoes. They were never pulled out, nor are the Fathers able to explain the origin of this representation. It was breathed into my mind that in Syracuse, as in Corinth, 'to pluck out the eyes for a friend' signifies to give the best and dearest thing we have. . . . I give you this instance because it could not have come to me from Books." When he speaks of the "young Men in white garments" who came to him we hear Blake, and then he writes: "I remember once I was earnest to be told in what manner and way The Great Change was wrought in chancels when The Mighty One descends. Deep in Thought I saw, not with eyes, but with my whole body, a grave, calm, noble form in white. He said or breathed this phrase, 'Ephphatha is good, but Amen is better still.'" It is necessary to touch on this side of Hawker to appreciate the strange mixture of elements that gave such colour and force to all he did; but the letter from which the foregoing quotation is taken also displays another Hawker who fought with the wild beasts of Morwenstow with delight. "The clergy around me—the wretched heretics, the spawn of that miscreant John Wesley—the rich and potent landlords—all these have assailed me, and I have scourged and beaten them all continually." It is impossible not to notice that the Cornish spirit he so stirringly sang in "Shall Trelawney die?" that song which took in so many good judges, was certainly very strong in its author.

Hawker's judgment in literary matters and in regard to some of his contemporaries is not to be depended on. One judgment on Gladstone is worth noting in regard to that statesman's eloquence: "It appears to my ear always like an incontinent flow of words which slip over the mind like so much verbal slush full of sound and echo but signifying little. I don't know one phrase of his utterance that has ever become a proverb in the English language or a catchword to embody and recall a great thought. . . . The flesh and skin of a speech is there, but there is neither blood nor bones." Hawker has defined certain qualities of Gladstone's mind, and the vital difference between him and his great rival is unconsciously formulated. Hawker once met Tennyson, and he leaves a memorable description:

"I found my guest, at his entrance, a tall, swarthy, Spanish-looking man, with an eye like a sword. I at once found myself with no common mind. All poetry, in particular, he seemed to use like household words; and, as chance led to the mention of Homer's picture of night, he gave at once a rendering simple and fine. 'When the Sky is broken up and the myriad Stars roll down, and the Shepherd's heart is glad . . .' Seated on the brow of the cliff, with Dundagel full in sight, he revealed to me the purpose of his journey to the West. He is about to conceive a poem—the hero King Arthur, the scenery in part the vanished Land of Lyonesse, between the mainland and the Scilly Isles. Much converse then and there befel of Arthur and his Queen, his wound at Camlan, and his prophesied return. Legends were exchanged, books noted down and references given, *quæ hic perscribere longum*. We talked about the times—old prophecies and new events. He gave me anecdotes of Guizot and his friends whom he intimately knows, of Hallam and the London scribes. He said he had nowhere a settled home, but wandered all the year. In early life he went through Spain with Torrejos, to incite the Revolution; 'and I remember,' he said, 'one day that Torrejos said to me, with one of the softest, sweetest smiles I ever saw, "As soon as we succeed I mean to cut the throats of all the clergy."' I questioned him

about his mode of composition in this so wandering life. He said he usually made about ten lines every day, multitudes of which were never written down, and so were lost for ever. . . . I lent him books and MSS. about King Arthur, which he carried off and which I perhaps shall never see again. . . . He demanded a pipe, and produced a package of very common shag. By great good luck my sexton had about him his own short black dudheen, which accordingly the minstrel filled and fired. . . . The Bard is a handsome well-formed man and tall, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman—black, long elflocks all round his face, mid which his eyes not only shine, but glare. His garments loose and full, such as Bard beseems, and over all a large dark Spanish cloak. He speaks the languages, both old and new, and has manifestly a most bibliothec memory. His voice is very deep, tuneful and slow—an organ, not a breath. His temper, which I tried, seemed very calm—his spirits very low."

Of Hawker's own poems, his fragment of the "San Graal" is worthy to be compared with Tennyson's treatment of the subject, and his ballads earned the praise of Sir Walter Scott. The "vanished vase of Heaven" was a dear theme with Hawker. His mediæval mind, his unfaltering faith, give truth and reality to a tale which would appeal to Tennyson as a beautiful fairy-tale. In all Hawker's verse we feel the rough, strenuous Cornish life, the unending rhythm of the waves on a stormy coast, the pains and perils of those who live by the sea. In his blue jersey, his long waders, he was a real fisher of men, a shepherd to his flock, a friend, a comforter, a guide.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GENERAL SIR JAMES BROWNE ("BUSTER BROWNE")

By General J. J. Macleod Innes, R.E., V.C. (Murray, 18s. net.)

An experienced *littérateur* like General Macleod Innes, whose two good books on the Mutiny and monograph on Sir Henry Lawrence in the "Rulers of India" series were very creditable performances, should not have neglected to scrutinise the proof of his title-page. The failure to observe the grades in the rank of general officer is a very trivial matter, but it is surely a positive inaccuracy to describe the subject of this biography as a K.C.B., his proper designation being, as on the tablet in Rochester Cathedral, Major-General Sir James Browne, R.E., K.C.S.I., C.B. Another slip, for which one fears that General Macleod Innes must be held entirely responsible, is the confused coupling of Sir James Browne's name with the Chitral Expedition. Any one would infer from the reference on page 281 that much of the actual preparation for that campaign devolved upon Browne as Quartermaster-General, the fact being, as General Innes himself recalls elsewhere, that the expedition was not despatched until Browne had been three years dissociated from military duty. Apart from this rather muddled allusion General Innes has produced a very worthy record of his distinguished brother-officer—one which incidentally affords scope for his own wide knowledge of Indian affairs, of engineering science, and of the military history of India. With an eye for effect he is not lacking, any more than the cheery "Buster" was, in the saving gift of humour. He is certainly to be thanked for reproducing, as an authentic case of Indian false witness, the story of the suit "in which one party produced deeds—pure forgeries—to authenticate his claim, and lo! the other party (having got scent of it) produced at once in response complete receipts—equally pure forgeries—for the sum involved."

"Buster Browne's" title to a detailed biographical memoir rests largely on his many-sidedness. He was

a worker who left a real mark upon the records of the army, the political administration, and the material development of India. There will probably always be some who think that he was at his very best as an engineer. As Q.M.G. he was useful, but certainly not so brilliant as Roberts or Macgregor. As Governor-General's Agent in Baluchistan he consolidated and extended the work of his great predecessor, but he could hardly be termed the equal of that Frontier kinglet, Sandeman. As an engineer, on the other hand, he was one of the most extraordinarily strenuous and stimulating chiefs who have ever carried a gigantic enterprise, such as the Hurnai Railway undoubtedly was, to a triumphant conclusion in the teeth of physical and administrative obstacles.

As a soldier or soldier-political Browne took part in the Mahsud Waziri Expedition of 1860, the Umbeyla Campaign of 1863-64, the Afghan War, and the Egyptian Expedition of 1882. One of his most famous achievements was his astonishing "capture" of Khelat-i-Ghilzai at the head of an escort of eighteen sowars—a success partly due to the frontier illusion that he was identical with a certain notorious Englishman who had become a Mullah. The strange story of Browne's "double" and some interesting details of his various campaigns will be found pleasantly included in General Innes' book. The memoir, which is suitably illustrated, terminates with an impressive filial tribute to Sir James' deep religious convictions and parental kindness. It is interesting to learn, by the way, that the title "Buster" was inherited from an elder brother, afterwards killed in the Mutiny, who had been called "Buster" at Addiscombe, where he was noted for his strength and prowess at football. James, following him, displayed the same qualities, and was given the same nickname with the prefix "Young." To most he remained "Buster Browne" to the day he died in harness at Quetta in 1896, and the friendly appellation, quaintly significant of his buoyant, vigorous nature, will always cling to him wherever the man and his work are held in posthumous recollection.

There were times when the Royal Engineer officer was imperfectly understood, and it was a common belief that his talents were chiefly devoted to "a-digging up of holes, and a-sticking in of poles, and a-building of barracks for the soldiery." Sir James Browne was one of many—Chesney, Gerald Graham, Bindon Blood, Nicholson, and Kitchener have been others—whose careers have served to destroy this foolish misconception.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ART

By Bliss Carman. (Murray, 5s.)

"It is only the man behind the book that makes the book worth reading. The book is the living image of the man. That is why real books have a power over us. It is the individuality that counts." And "the man behind the book," Mr. Carman warns us, in the essay so entitled, "is not easy to discover," even with the aid of a photograph, an autograph, a confession that he dislikes high collars and stuffiness, and enjoys plain living, high thinking and the poems of Richard Hovey in a house named "Moonshine" among purple hills, where seventy couples performed, on a memorable occasion, "the ceremonious Rite of the Cake."

We should not have wanted to discover "the man behind the book" any more than the man in the moon had not Mr. Carman expressly warned the critic that this was the first of his duties: this, and "to understand him with sympathy, intelligence and respect." It would have facilitated the critic's task if Mr. Carman

had prefixed to his volume not only a photograph, an autograph and a rhapsody on his *villeggiatura*, but a brief autobiography on the lines of that which every graduate of a German university has to append to his doctor's thesis: "Natus sum A.B. in oppido Z. die . . . anno h.h. . . . Pio et grato veneror animo patrem C., matrem D. e gente E. Fidei addictus sum evangelicæ. Litterarum elementis imbutus sum Berolini, ubi frequentavi gymnasium quod appellatur 'Königliches Wilhelm-Gymnasium,' and so forth. But this would have made it too easy for the critic "to discover the man behind the book." As it is, he contents himself with recording the discovery that humour is no marked characteristic of the author, and that the celebrated Cake-walk is the sole lapse from high seriousness admitted by Mr. Carman till he accuses himself in the concluding chapter of "a touch of the madness of the March hare." "Curiosity is the fundamental passion of the mind, and to satisfy curiosity with knowledge is one of the three great sources of happiness. At the same time it is forbidden to know everything. At least, this is so for the time being, whatever may be permitted to human investigation in some future age." It is forbidden; we submit, and if we are cut off from one of the three great sources of happiness, we will endeavour to make the best of the other two (whatever they may be) and envy posterity its fuller light.

Though baffled thus, and confessed incompetent when judged by the high standard set for critics, we have read the book and found much of it agreeable. There are thirty-seven short essays in it, on many topics, each embodying some morsel of a not very profound philosophy. Mr. Carman likes things in threes: there are three sources of knowledge, as we have seen, and there are body, mind and spirit, and the three vital forces of these, which have to be correlated. His ideal in every department of life—in education, in conduct, in art, in criticism—is "poise," the balance of three forces, the nice adjustment of the claims of muscle, intellect and soul. *Mens sana in corpore sano* partly expresses his ideal, but the statement savours too much of dualism to be adequate. He is an advocate of physical culture and the study of health as a condition of happiness and progress. The Art which gives its title to the book is art in no narrow sense, but it includes literature and conduct, the whole art of living. The morality of the essays is unexceptionable; their religion, as shown in "A Christmas Reverie," is tinged with agnosticism. The style, apart from some Americanisms, is refined, but somewhat monotonous and languid. We are reminded less of the vagaries of the hare than of the uninspired perseverance of the tortoise. Mr. Carman has hardly written one of the real books which have a power over us.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Volume VIII. Leon—Moravia. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

THE general scope of this volume is approximately indicated by its sub-title, "A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature and Customs of the Jewish People from the earliest times to the present day." It is however, not merely a Jewish Encyclopædia, but is also to a great extent a Dictionary of Jewish National Biography, dealing, at varying lengths, with all Jews who have ever exhibited the slightest pretensions to eminence. Gentiles, moreover, such as Lessing, Mirabeau, or M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who have come into contact with Jewish problems either in politics or in literature, find also a place in the volume, though in the case of lesser-known names a slight confusion is

sometimes occasioned by the omission to state at the beginning of each article whether its subject is a Jew or a Gentile. Owing to the wide ground covered, the list of contributors is necessarily cosmopolitan, including men of American, English, German, Hungarian, French and Italian nationality. This cosmopolitanism, however, in itself a good thing, has its attendant evil when, as occasionally happens, an article written originally in some foreign tongue is defectively translated, and the reader is confronted with phrases so obviously foreign as "material condition" and "not original with him."

Of the longer articles by far the most interesting is that on London, by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who traces the history of the Jewish community from the massacre of 1189 and the expulsion of 1290 down to the "restoration" of the small trading community of the *Sephardim* in the seventeenth century and the subsequent immigration into England of the *Askenazim*, or Spanish and Portuguese Jews, who eventually wrested from their brethren the hegemony of the community. In view of the present prominence of the alien question, it is interesting to see from Mr. Jacobs' statistics that in 1883 the Anglicised outnumbered the foreign element by 26,000 to 21,000, while in 1902 the tables were completely turned and the "native element" was outnumbered by the East-End element by 150,000 to 100,000.

With regard to the more important of the other articles, which include such subjects as the *Mishnah*, the *Midrash*, *Marriage*, the *Liturgy*, Professor Margoliouth has broken almost entirely fresh ground in his admirable essay on *Manuscripts*, which is accompanied by some excellent facsimile reproductions. The article on *Literature* is also interesting, but we would wish that the writer had not confined his attention to works written in the Hebrew and Yiddish languages, and had seen his way to treating collectively of works written by Jews in Gentile tongues; it would surely have proved instructive to have marked those characteristics which are common to Jewish authors writing in the most varied languages, and to have tested the truth of Mr. Bryce's theory that the Jewish literary genius manifests itself to best advantage in the departments of sarcasm and epigram.

In the department of biography the editors have perhaps laid themselves open to the charge of too wide a catholicity. We think, however, that their general principle is sound, and that the inclusion in the volume of men like Samuel Lewis, the money-lender, and Daniel Mendoza, the pugilist, who both held the highest position in their respective professions, is perfectly justifiable. On the other hand, many minor celebrities of quite subsidiary importance are considered worthy of articles, with the result that the space allotted to men of the first rank suffers by way of compensation. The treatment of Karl Marx, for instance, is most inadequate. A bare outline of his life is given, but there is no attempt to estimate either the influence or the validity of his doctrines.

The volume possesses upwards of three hundred illustrations, and, in spite of some minor defects, should prove a valuable work of reference to all interested in Jewish history.

THE BIRTH OF PARISVAL

By R. C. Trevelyan. (London: Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.)
THIS may be described as a lyrical-dramatic fragment or interlude (since the subject is not complete), the theme of which is drawn from those Graal romances which furnished Wagner's great music-drama. It has the disadvantage that the theme is too unreal, too remote

from all associations, historic or mythological, too unlocalised by any conceivable period, for ready appeal to the emotions. The whole burthen of emotion and interest falls upon the force of the poetry itself; and the more power, therefore, is exacted from the poet if he be to move us. Of course, a theme thus remote and abstracted would have its advantage, if the poet worked on the lines of Maeterlinck's shadowy mysteries. But Mr. Trevelyan attempts no such effect. He aims, apparently, at a somewhat Greek dignity of dramatic passion. There are suggestions of "Samson Agonistes," with a more modern intimacy of emotion. The writer's task is to make us feel the dread and impressiveness of a curse denounced by a power so ill-defined, so unfamiliar to our imagination, as the Graal and its vague priesthood or priestly knighthood; and to move us by the sorrows and interior struggles of the dim figures affected by that curse.

Under the immense and direct power of Wagner's music a similar feat was possible. To achieve it by poetry alone would require the gift of genius. Here Mr. Trevelyan falls short. He has ambition, he has artistic sense and certain original artistic aims in regard to technique. He essays certain novel and rather daring effects of unrhymed lyric metre, which to our thinking do not quite come off. In the one irregular rhymed lyric he attempts this is particularly plain; the result is broken and uncouth where it is meant to haunt and charm. Yet the idea is evident, and deserves praise at least as an endeavour to break fresh ground. Similarly, Mr. Trevelyan has poetic feeling and a measure of accomplishment. But his resources are not equal to the ambitious demands of poetic passion and imagination which he makes upon them. A certain way he goes; but his conception places on him too great a strain; and the final result is inadequate. He is lucid and he is dignified; but his faculty of imaginative execution does not correspond with his faculty of imaginative design. With less ambition he might conceivably do somewhat. As it is, we cannot judge him successful.

DREAM OF PROVENCE: ORGEAS AND MIRADON TO NANCY

By Frederick Wedmore. (Isbister, 1s. net each.)

MR. WEDMORE has done well to reprint these two pieces, and to reprint them in this form. The slim little books, with their plain covers of delicate green and their beautiful rich paper, with deckled edges, promise good things, *bonnes bouches*, and the promise is not broken. Mr. Wedmore is not a robust writer, but he has at least the strength to disregard the critical clamour of the multitude, and to treat the possible accusation of "preciosity" with serene neglect. Words to him are beautiful things, which in combination can produce new beauties not inherent in themselves, beauties that cannot be measured nor analysed, can hardly be accounted for, because they have a strange and sudden separate existence of their own, independent of the words of which they are composed. As well try to explain the principle of life by the chemical elements of an organism, as a piece of beautiful art by the matter of which it is composed. Modern criticism is too apt to blame in our writers of prose what it demands of our painters. When it catches an author deliberately and unashamedly making the most beautiful thing he can out of his materials it likes to cry "I see you!" It cried so at Pater; it has cried so, if we are not mistaken, at Mr. Wedmore, who, were he so unwise as to reply at all, would probably answer, "Come, then, and, if you can, find out how I do it!"

Mr. Wedmore's glass is small, but he drinks in it. And these two little books, detached though they are from the literary development of the times, exotics both of southern origin, eminently un-English in their lucidity, their scrupulous nicety, their conscious and deliberate beauty, tempt us to dwell on them at length, because they are exquisite specimens of genuine *belles lettres*, of literature as an art. "Each year gained upon the last in bewitching merriment and the charm of an occasional and fitting gravity." *The charm of an occasional and fitting gravity.* "Her gay heart, that under her glistening eyes danced in its joy of living." "Or had some slim figure of Silenus put finger on lip in that enclosed place, wherein for long, amidst the wayward greenery, no step of man had stirred?" "Its shifting pattern of cool gold." We could multiply examples, for nearly every sentence not so much contains, as is, an instance of the same exquisite (we use the word in its original sense) expression. Each is beautiful and delightful in itself—vastly more beautiful and delightful in its application to a larger theme. The "Dream of Provence," from which we have chosen these quotations, tells of a girl who died and a father who believed that she would return on the ninth day after death. All the South is in it, and all the simple poetry of faith and devotion in the soul of the man whom we leave, in the reverent reticence of the close, waiting, at sunset on that ninth day—waiting. "To Nancy" is a letter from an old and famous painter to a young girl on the music-hall stage. It is modern enough: we know well the order of mind which will call it—and probably has called it, on its earlier appearance in "The Savoy"—decadent. That order of mind can only be pitied. "To Nancy" is a perfectly sweet and healthy thing; and the contrast between the man for whom life has no more success to offer and the brilliant budding girl of sixteen, whose unspoiled charm and freshness lie sweet on these pages, is used by Mr. Wedmore with consummate skill.

It is only human to rejoice a little at catching Mr. Wedmore tripping. We have detected two "blank verses," one in each little book. And at times, it must be admitted, he lays out his sentences with a thought too much decorous solemnity, losing his own note in an effort to catch that of a fuller voice.

THE YELLOW WAR

By "O." (Blackwood, 6s.)
From the reader's standpoint a single letter of the alphabet is an unsatisfactory pseudonym; almost indecent in its brevity, it stands, in the case of the author of "The Yellow War," defying with an air of surprise any attempt at inquisitiveness. Nor is there much internal evidence to afford any clue to the identity of "O," except that he was a person who had unusual facilities for getting about in the neighbourhood of the operations in the Far East. At Chinampo in April, at Tokio in July, at Yinkow in September, and so on—it is permissible to guess at the secret but not to reveal it. Most of the sketches which are contained in this book have already appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," but they gain by being republished, for, although there is no connecting link to join them together, they form a series of word pictures of the war. It is not a gruesome book full of realistic details of wounds and other untidy things which are best kept behind the scenes, nor is it a profound study in psychology like the "Red Badge of Courage," but it is a book which gives an excellent idea of the actors in the war. One of the longest tales in the book, for instance, entitled "The path in the East is

strange," gives in a new way some idea of the Japanese character. It tells of a Japanese man who is discovered in various circumstances, at a diplomatic *soirée*, as a Cambridge undergraduate, as a barber at Tientsin, and finally at the war. It is an allegory to show the persistence of the national character and the willingness of the individual to serve the State. Incidentally in the story there is a little bit of pedantry about University candidates for the army and education in general (nothing, thank Heaven, about compulsory Greek!), which recalls a trick displayed in "On the heels of De Wet," by "The Intelligence Officer."

SCANDINAVIA: A POLITICAL HISTORY OF DENMARK, NORWAY AND SWEDEN

By R. Nisbet Bain. (Cambridge Historical Series, 7s. 6d.)

SWEDEN: ITS PEOPLE AND ITS INDUSTRY

Edited by Gustav Sundbärg. (Stockholm.)

To begin in the natural order, that is to say with the future, Sweden, or, one may say, the Scandinavian Peninsula, is probably, along with Switzerland, destined to become one of the great industrial countries of Europe. For as the importance of coal in manufacture must, as time goes on, inevitably decrease along with the output of coal, and the importance of water as a generator of electricity increase, these three countries—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark—will one day find themselves very much in the advantageous position which Britain, Belgium, and North-West Germany, with their great supplies of fuel, hold at this moment. The too lucky United States may be beyond these fluctuations. For we know how the *nil-admirans* Yankee said, when challenged to appreciate Vesuvius in eruption ("At all events, you've not got a burning mountain in the States"), "No, but we've got a waterfall that could put it out in ten minutes." And Sweden is in a specially advantageous position on account of her great resources in iron, for the "whole complex," as Mr. Gustav Sundbärg puts it—that is the total iron ore deposit of Sweden—"can be regarded as the thickest and richest among the iron ores of the world." If only in the "present dispensation" the Swedes are restrained from cutting down their forests in order to smelt this same iron ore; for without doubt their use of charcoal instead of coal in that process gives a superior quality even to the pig iron of Sweden, which is already almost half steel.

Thus the future may see how history goes on its cyclic way. There is something specially recurrent in the history of the Scandinavian folk, which we may follow in perhaps as clear an outline as possible through the pages of Mr. Bain's book. That Scandinavian history should ever be presented as a single picture is not to be hoped: the mutual jealousies of the three Scandinavian folk—Norsemens, Swedes, and Danes—having always kept them far from union. Now one of the three peoples, now another—it is, of course, generally the Danes—gains the hegemony in Scandinavia. But its leadership rarely endures beyond one reign. Denmark was pre-eminent under Canute, pre-eminent again four and a half centuries later, under Christian III. In the interval it is rather the Norse kings that attract our attention. But after the time of Christian II. of Denmark begins the rise of Sweden under Gustavus Vasa, he whom Voltaire so mistakenly speaks of as having been drawn from among the peasants of Dalecarlia to become the ruler of Sweden. As a fact, Vasa belonged to the most distinguished of the Swedish nobility: he was a near relation to Sten Sture, the patriot, who for many years threw off Christian's yoke, and to Sten's

wife, the not less heroic Christina Gyllenstjerne. There have been many "stars" in the firmament of Swedish history—Oxenstjerna, Avelstjerna, Rosenstjerna; but this Christina is the brightest of them all. Gustavus Vasa's fame has been obscured by that of his more renowned grandson, the hero of the Thirty Years' War. But it is interesting to remember that before the outbreak of that war, before what is known as the Catholic Reaction, the second act of the Reformation drama, the allied Protestant Princes of Europe had begun to look to Scandinavia for support. Christian II., indeed, though he was probably indifferent to Catholicism himself, and did, in fact, translate Luther's Bible into Danish, always as a politician plumped for the Catholic interest, which might among high potentates of those days count for what the "gentlemanly interest" was with Mr. Pecksniff; he allied himself with the German Emperor and the Pope. But Christian III. took the part of the Protestant Princes of Germany. Reformation, like spring, came slowly in these climes; but in this Danish King and in the Vasa family of Sweden it found its doughtiest champions. Then after the days of Gustavus Adolphus the interest which Scandinavia has in the eyes of Europe generally flickers out and dies. The meteorlike passage of Charles XII. is the last glow of a dying fire. All this is well told by Mr. Nisbet Bain, as clearly and consecutively as is consistent with two difficulties: first, that, as we have said, the history is in itself constantly broken up; the nations behave themselves like protozoa seen through a microscope; they unite, separate, break out into two, into three, re-unite to two, to one, then separate again unceasingly. And the second difficulty is that the nature of books such as the Cambridge Modern Histories, which are half school books, half for the general reader, precludes the sort of selection and concentration which a writer would make use of if he were engaged with a more individual and personal kind of work. Sometimes Mr. Bain "slings the bat" a little out of order, as where in one passage he seems to use "humanist" as if it were synonymous with humane man; elsewhere he talks of a man "retroceding" a province (by a confusion between *cēdo* and *cēdo*). When he employs *protagonist* as if it meant exactly the same as *promachos* he is only repeating an almost universal modern habit, which is not, however, countenanced by classical usage. These small defects do not take from the value of this Scandinavian history, the most comprehensive that has yet been written.

The statistical account of Sweden, which is edited by Mr. Gustav Sundbärg, is a voluminous work of over 1,100 pages, dealing with *quidquid agunt homines* and all that nature produces in the land in question. It has been rather late in appearing in its English dress; the French edition was published at the time of the Exhibition of 1900. Unless we forget, a very interesting work of the same sort on Norway or on Norway and Sweden, not so extensive in plan but beautifully got up, was issued by the Norse or Norse and Swedish Commissioners at the French Exhibition of 1889. That, it is to be presumed, suggested the present more official and much fuller account of Sweden. The business merely of translating the book into English must have been laborious enough. Naturally the translation leaves somewhat to be desired here and there. On the first page of his preface Mr. Sundbärg tells how the editorship came to be left "into my hands." Mr. Sundbärg has, of course, many collaborators. Beginning with the physical geography of Sweden, we pass through a rapid sketch of its history and its constitution and administration, then to its intellectual and moral culture (educa-

tion, science, art, literature, and so forth), on to, in the second part, the occupations and industries of the land. If one may make a criticism it is that where so much compression was necessary the historical part in certain sections might best have been omitted. As only eleven pages were to be devoted to Swedish literature, we would rather have heard more of the living producers—Rydberg, Strindberg, Selma Lagerlöf, for instance—and have let the dead past bury its dead.

ALBERT DURER

By T. Sturge Moore. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE announcement of a study by an artist of an artist, of a mystic by a poet, leads one to expect much, and those who read Mr. T. Sturge Moore's "Albert Durer," knowing, before they open its pages, that here they need not look for an orderly biography, but rather an original study, will not be disappointed. We learn from the preface that the work is an attempt at "an appreciation of this great artist in relation to general ideas," and the result is a very stimulating essay, with sufficient fact, date, and specific criticism attached, as is helpful to that study, but no more. The book is admirably illustrated, the half-tone reproductions especially being excellently printed. The fine portrait of Michael Wolgemut (pp. 224-5), for instance, gives an approximate idea of the life and vigour of the original—praise which cannot often be bestowed on process reproductions of oil-paintings. The four metal engravings are less successful, and this, we imagine, is not so much due to the process or to the printer as to the error of selecting for plate reproduction designs which do not benefit by that method. The "Melancholia," for example, would have had its essential qualities far more clearly shown in a copper plate than "Pilate Washing his Hands," "Saint Antony," or "Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate": as a process-block it is grey, uninspiring and ineffective. But the presence of the four plates in the volume is we learn, due to the kindness of the Durer Society, and it is sorry work to complain of added gifts. As an illustrated record of Durer's work, the book is a welcome supplement to the little volume by Lina Eckenstein, issued by the same publishers a year or two ago, though it will not replace that as an admirable and business-like summary of the artist's life and work. It must be admitted, first and foremost, that the volume is concerned with Mr. T. Sturge Moore's outlook on life and the arts; the author has not lost himself in his subject—it is possible he cannot, or does not wish to do so—and, consequently, the reader is constantly being led off into digressions, interesting enough in themselves, bearing on them the "stamp exclusive and professional" of the writer of "The Rout of the Amazons," "Pan's Prophecy" and "The Gazelles," wholly delightful, in fact, to admirers of Mr. T. Sturge Moore, among whom the present writer classes himself, but irritating to the last degree in the study of another craftsman's work, in a book to which one turns for interpretative criticism and for a clear, plain, lucid essay, the capacity for the writing of which seems to be the birthright of the French race solely. More than any book we have read of recent years, the present volume reminds us of Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera," in its "leaping from rock up to rock," with now and again the "cool silver shock of the plunge in a pool's living water," the flash of a disappearing garment the only guide for struggling followers. Readers of "The Centaur's Booty" will not have any difficulty in recognising the author of the following characteristic passage. We doubt whether any uninitiated admirer of Durer has ever connected

the boyhood and the manhood in quite the same way. We quote it at length, as it shows better than any words of ours, better than almost any other passage in the volume, the kind of fresh light the Durer student will obtain in this book, and the prism through which, in Mr. T. Sturge Moore's hands, it is alone, apparently, permitted to come to him:

"We shall, I think, often do well, when considering the superb ostentation of Durer's workmanship, with its superabundance of curve and flourish, its delight in its ease and grace, to think of those young men among his ancestors who made their living from horses on the wind-swept plains of Hungary. The perfect control which it is the delight of lads brought up and developing under such conditions to obtain over the galloping steed is similar to the control which it gratified Durer to perfect over the dashing stroke of pen or brush, which, however swift and impulsive, is yet brought round and performs to a nicety a predetermined evolution. . . . And first, this life, with its free sweeping horizon, and the swallow-like curves of its gallops for the sake of galloping, or those which the long lashes of its whips trace in deploying, and which remind us of the lithe tendrils in which terminate Durer's ornamental flourishes; this life in which the eye is trained to watch the lasso, as with well-calculated address it swirls out and drops over the frightened head of an unbroken colt—this life is first pent up in a little goldsmith's shop, in a country even to-day famous for the beauty and originality of its peasant jewellery: and here it is trained to follow and answer the desire of the bright dark eyes of girls in love; in love, where love and the beauty that inspires it are the gifts of nature most guarded and most honoured, from which are expected the utmost that is conceived of delicacy in delight by a virile and healthy race."

In a second edition, which, we trust, will not be long in forthcoming, the conscientious reader would be saved a jar here and there if the author revised his numerous quotations from the Bible, and saw that they more nearly accorded with the text than, for example, do the well-known phrases on page 74; this at the risk of being accused as a payer of the tithe of mint and anise and cummin. The legend under the picture facing page 230 might be corrected, and readers have just cause of complaint in not being furnished with references to the abridged extracts Mr. T. Sturge Moore makes from Sir W. M. Conway's excellent but far too little-known "Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer."

PORT ARTHUR: THREE MONTHS WITH THE BE-SIEGERS

By Frederic Villiers. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

A MODERN CAMPAIGN, OR WAR AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN THE FAR EAST

By D. Fraser, Special Correspondent to "The Times." (Methuen, 6s. net.)

It seems as though the remark attributed to Sir William Howard Russell, to the effect that he was present at the birth of newspaper war correspondence and had been permitted to live long enough to stand by its deathbed, will ultimately achieve more or less general acceptance. In both these volumes the identical and obviously inevitable fault, which arises from a cramped field of vision, is very strongly marked. Mr. Villiers' impressions of what he was permitted to see of the operations of the Third Japanese Army before Port Arthur under General Nogi form a series of word-pictures which, although at times they are somewhat disjointed, make interesting reading, and this, too, despite the irritating and frequently recurring fact that unimportant and somewhat egotistical information about the writer and his field companions is unnecessarily obtruded upon the attention of the reader.

The story of the efforts of "The Times" to serve its readers with information from the widespread seat of war by means of wireless telegraphy as an adjunct or ancillary to the cable services has already been well told by Captain Lionel James, who had charge of the arrangements. Captain James, "the Man Behind" of Mr. Fraser's book, had the author for his colleague, and Mr. Fraser it was who, under very trying and difficult circumstances, succeeded in equipping the land station of "The Times" wireless system on the Shantung Promontory. Thence he proceeded with the Japanese Field Armies, and for some months witnessed a good deal of the severe fighting carried on by the gallant Kuroki and his valorous troops.

Mr. Villiers has called his book a "Diurnal of Occurrences," an unlovely description against which it is somewhat surprising that his artistic taste did not rebel. Some of his entries are redolent of the charm and freshness of the ready writer who with a facile pen records thoughts or impressions as they are made or occur. Others are spoiled from having been laboriously touched-up and elaborated, and as presented smell strongly of the "midnight oil." The author did not by any means for the first time set foot in Manchuria in August last. Ten years earlier he had been present when Port Arthur was wrested from the Chinese. Much had happened in those ten years. Mr. Villiers thus describes the impression he formed of Port Arthur when it burst upon his view from Ho-o-shan, the highest peak of the range of surrounding hills:

" . . . Spread out in my immediate front lies the whole panorama of Port Arthur and its outlying defences, a ten-mile stretch from sea to sea. The scene at first is one of almost bewildering beauty, seemingly the fairest and gentlest of landscapes, composed of verdant hills and golden valleys, rich with ripening corn and millet. Hamlets nestle in the folds of the yellow fields, stately willows dapple the silver streams with the cobalt blue of the ocean. But for the dull grey battlements of Togo's blockading squadron, lying in grim rigid lines on the horizon, the scene suggests peace and plenty rather than the pinch of hunger and cruel war."

That picture must be contrasted with those of the night-fighting rounding Port Arthur, the colour of which was, Mr. Villiers asserts, "what Whistler would have revelled in." For the "old campaigning days," when "both armies usually ceased hostilities at some period between sundown and sunrise," the author has some regret. Mr. Villiers did not wait to witness the entry of the Japanese soldiers into the fallen fortress. He appears to have got on well with everybody, and has placed it upon record that he never left any army in the field with greater regret, nor had he ever been treated with more consideration and kindness than by the Third Imperial Army of Japan.

Mr. Villiers and Mr. Fraser are at one in testifying to the skill and bravery of the Japanese troops. Mr. Fraser's account of the battle of the Yalu is as admirable as any that has been written, and certainly the best thing in the volume. The word-picture of the Japanese advance to the attack following the artillery "preparation" is extremely interesting and vivid. The battle of the Yalu will long be remembered in the history of warfare as the first scientific general engagement ever fought between Oriental and Occidental, the result of which is all the more remarkable inasmuch as the Oriental had but just emerged from mediævalism. Incidentally one learns from Mr. Fraser's pages something of the enormous cost of campaign correspondence to newspapers.

Fiction

A STORY OF THE STAGE

By C. Ranger Gull. (F. V. White, 6s.) It is the end of the summer term and near midnight at Oxford. Trinity lies under moonlight, and in Basil Marriott's rooms incipient Bar and incipient Church, in the persons of Johnny Thompson and Pat Dundas, are at sorrowful grips with incipient Stage, as represented by their host and dearest enemy. To Dundas, the budding barrister, keen and scornful, the idea that a man of refinement with a decent degree and a small independence should propose to go "blue-chinning about the country with all sorts of riff-raff" is obviously preposterous; while to "the Johnner," grave, sincere, and fluid, who looks upon "the body as the Temple of the Holy Spirit," it seems "at least rash and ill-advised to paint and bedizen it and make it a show for money." But with Marriott, forced to explain himself, Art is spelt with a very large A, and acting is the branch of Art that calls him. He has shone, too, in the O.U.D.S. Mr. Herbert Storm, highest and most finished of actors, has seen and approved his "Orlando," and has offered (not only himself, but possibly his sister, who shares his views) a small part in one of his touring companies. And really his friends are absurdly prejudiced, and fail to fathom his enthusiasms. And so good-bye to Oxford. There you have the prelude to a tale the actual trend of which is, after all, comparatively insignificant. There still lingers about it some trace of those literal greatnesses which Mr. Gull thrust upon readers of "The Serf." The "great, grey fan of latest night" is made to close. Shops in the morning open "like great gleaming flowers." Fountains (from a different category of similes) fall "like juice of diamonds" in Trafalgar Square, and eclecticism quite deserts him when he presents his heroine with that "flower-like face" which has become the property of so many others. These are quite unnecessary defects of certain vigorous and unusual capacities for observation and presentment. From Morley's to the clever little luncheon-party at the Storms' in Half Moon Street, hence by way of commissionaires into *les coulisses* of London mimeland, and so with "The Sportsman" B Company into the provinces, you may follow Basil step by step under the guidance of one who has read and thought and seen something for himself. There are shrewd and sharply-cut sketches of incident and character in plenty by the way. With regard to the stage itself, which is seen from many points of view, we think that he justifies his motto from Montaigne that "I speak truth, not my belly-full, but as much as I dare." He certainly dares too much, however, in continuing his old and justly decried practice of paraphrasing, if not caricaturing, well-known personalities. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Miss Vivien Storm, together with Mr. Augustus Storm, delicately persuasive of public opinion over the signature of "Gus," are not very hard to place. Mr. Ranger Gull has certainly enough talent to refrain from such adventitious aids. He has the knack of hitting many nails upon the head. As to the length of the nails and as to how hard he hits them, there are, no doubt, differences of opinion.

JEANNIE JEMIMA JONES

The Adventures of a Runaway Girl on a Desert Island. By the "Blunderland" Cartoonist. (Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.) The incidents that precede the running-away of Jeannie Jemima Jones justify the "hated grown-ups'" opinion that she was a very naughty girl, one who could have no reasonable expectation of being loved. Once started upon her adventures—which are undertaken in boy's clothes—she becomes an amusing little person with a happy gift for "inventing a dodge" to get herself out of every kind of scrape and danger. Few boys cast upon a desert island have met with such amazing experiences as Jeannie Jemima encountered, and none of them have shown more ingenuity and resource in such a variety of original situations and incidents. There is "no false note of conventionality" either in the life on the island or in the telling of the story, Jeannie Jemima's locutions, speaking generally, being much more

expressive than correct. That, however, is a circumstance that will not count against the young lady's narrative in the estimation of the schoolroom; but whether it will be equally agreeable to parents and governesses is another matter. Many of Jeannie Jemima's dodges are likely to excite the sincerest form of admiration, in which case the family comfort will suffer. It is also necessary to observe that her views of domestic government have an anarchist tendency. "Oh! my goodness! how grown-ups do get on your nerves!" "If you don't watch them they will get you into trouble as sure as a gun." "No; I couldn't stand living at home any more," and other observations to this effect may suggest to the home authorities the desirability of adopting the methods of the Russian press censor before admitting Jeannie Jemima Jones into the schoolroom. There may be some difference of opinion, too, as to the merit of the illustrations, of which there are a hundred, in the earlier styles of the slate-and-pencil period. Though they have no pretensions to grace, drawings of this *genre* are often very funny either by accident or design. And so some of these might have been, but for the lack of distinction between the grotesque and exaggerated ugliness. Not that they all have that fault, and we can quite understand that where they do not frighten they will charm.

CUT LAURELS

By M. Hamilton. (Heinemann, 6s.) It is always refreshing to read novels which deal with the frailty of a man and the supreme nobility of a woman. An appeal is made to the chivalry latent in every one, so that we can sympathise even with the man's infirmity, recognising what scope it gives the heroine for the display of her true greatness; we see the meaning of evil, the necessary foil to good, and incidentally one view (and a useful one) of mere man's place in the universe. But in "Cut Laurels" this appeal is made almost too clamorously to gain the response which we long to give. Katherine Hamilton has been separated for eighteen years from her husband, who has been taken prisoner by the Arabs. They meet again at Cairo. She has been working and saving money all these years, as a dressmaker in Belfast, with her daughter Phyllis, born a few months after his departure. He returns, bringing with him an Arab woman and his two children, and asks his wife who her beautiful young companion is, not remembering he has a daughter. She forgives him that and everything else; in the end she wins back his love and they start life together afresh, Phyllis having married a rich lord in season. Miss Hamilton is not at her best in this book. She excels in her treatment of Irish peasant life and of children, about whom she writes with sympathy and humour. Umballah, the little Arab boy, is as charming as Pipette, the French child in her "Beyond the Boundary," and we wish there were more of him and less of the noble wife, whose devotion and difficulties are a little wearisome and unconvincing, resting as they do on the initial improbability of an eighteen years' complete disappearance.

THE ROOT

By Orme Agnus. (Ward, Lock, 6s.) Mr. Orme Agnus has done memorable work in the past, notably "Sarah Tuldon" and "Jane Oxber," tales of village life that are inimitable in their way; and in this, the latest novel from his pen, he more than maintains his reputation. There are other painters of life in our small English villages besides Mr. Orme Agnus who perhaps give us more startling and unusual plots, more thrilling details; but we know of no other writer who touches so sympathetically and tenderly the village tragedy which to the casual onlooker is commonplace, or has such a keen insight into the mind of the tiller of the soil. Mr. Orme Agnus has humour, too—fresh, clean, wholesome humour that is like a breath of the revivifying country air that sweeps over the village he depicts. In "The Root" the author sets forth to show the effect that money, the love of which is the root of all evil, may have on the bucolic character. Bereaved of his wife at the age of seventy-two and with the workhouse looming near, old Uncle Ezra, by a great stroke of cunning, leads his relations to believe that he has a large sum of money "up to Darchester Bank."

They are amazed; but their cupidity gets the better of their commonsense and causes them to accept his statement. Gossip busies herself with Ezra's banking account until it is surmised to be at least a thousand pounds or more. Then the struggle for the money begins, in the course of which tragedy is born. It is a powerful story, powerfully told. Sometimes the humour is more sardonic than playful, and occasionally Mr. Agnus succumbs to the temptation to moralise. There are several delightful character studies in the book, notably Miss Kildy, the tender-hearted spinster, Rupert, the crippled boy whose one desire is "to go to Lunnion to a great doctor to make these laigs straight," and old Ezra himself, with his shrewdness and cynicism. The story is told with great simplicity and directness, and is not overburdened with dialect. It bears the impress of truth in every line.

HEIRS OF REUBEN

By Chris Healy. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) Once upon a time a clever magazine editor invented the "complete" story. Now "complete" stories differ from "short" stories in many other particulars, but especially in this, that completeness is the one quality which they essentially lack. Designed originally (before the days of the unspeakable "synopsis of foregoing chapters") for the convenience of busy people with a preference for episodic serials capable of being taken up anywhere, they resemble beads strung carelessly upon a thread, and though there may be pearls among them they are not easy to find. If they lack art, however, "complete" stories are invariably modest, for whereas your short story, good, bad, or indifferent, is ever ready to proclaim itself as such, the one ambition of your typical complete story seems to be to conceal itself as deftly and quickly as possible in "a book." We dare affirm that every man Jack of Mr. Chris Healy's "Heirs of Reuben" originally appeared "complete." Now each takes his place in a gallery of "rogues, wastrels, and broken men," under the convenient shelter of an inert chapter heading. And, indeed, as failure after failure tells the tale of the ups and downs which have led him to the squalor of an East End lodging-house, one becomes increasingly convinced that the sooner he is lost in the crowd again the better. We have rarely met with a more sordid collection of experiences. "Then I went to the devil," or "In the meanwhile I drink—drink—drink" is the burden of most of these "yarns." But was there no man among them all able to stand squarely up to his fate, in spite of the policeman ever ready round the corner and the benefactors who so persistently died? Stories and characters alike are clever enough for anything. "The Law and the Gospel," again, has a kind of nauseating pathos; while in "The Voice of the Open Road" at least we breathe comparatively fresh air. But in spite of all the skilful handling of the device which brings Johnson of the "Evening Hustler" into the midst of this crew and keeps the murderer who is to supply his "scoop" lurking, as it were, in the shadow of each reckless recital, we hope that Mr. Healy himself is "only a temporary 'ere." He can do better work than this.

STOLEN WATERS

By "Lucas Cleeve." (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) The Rev. Herbert Manners, well-born, rich, handsome, learned, eloquent, comes to the country town of Dillingham as its vicar or rector—Mrs. Kingscote seems on the whole to prefer the humbler title—and Dillingham congratulates itself. Alas! Mr. Manners has an imagination which, in Mrs. Kingscote's fascinating phrase, "had of late years been clouded by the haziness which came of a recurrent condition of imperfect sobriety"; or, in plain English, he was a drunkard within the meaning of the Act. You would think that there would be indications of his vice in his face at any rate. Nothing of the sort. His own mother, who comes to stay with him, merely accuses him of getting too puffy, too fat; and yet he is so far gone that a few months afterwards he has a bad attack of delirium tremens, through which he is nursed by Martha Parsons. Martha, who is the daughter of the Baptist minister, has been seduced by the Squire's son, and when her child dies she returns to Dillingham to the pretty cottage left her by her old father.

Between this woman and the vicar is a secret tie in the fact that each has a sin, a shame to bear, but hers has been openly acknowledged, while that of the man is hidden. Through scenes told in language of extraordinary gorgeousness, enlivened by much unconscious bathos and quotations from the Thirty-nine Articles, the story moves on to the inevitable open confession of Mr. Manners from his own pulpit. Unfortunately, Mrs. Kingscote is not a Nathaniel Hawthorne. The vicar has carefully made himself drunk enough to convince his congregation, yet not too drunk to explain his hypocrisy, to confess even that he has taken the bottles of Communion wine from the church. The Bishop is there, leaning, so Mrs. Kingscote tells us, with a vague suggestion of gymnastics, "his head on his muslin-trousered arm." The scene, which should have been conceived on the high note of tragedy, is merely unpleasant or farcical, according to the reader's mood. The figure of Martha, the woman purified by suffering, is impressive; and the society of the country town is described with some humour. But Mrs. Kingscote must learn to write English, and even to spell. "The adventure of life stood and beckoned in the darkness, and told of an illuminated vagabondage on the high-road of delight," is a perfectly fair specimen of her style. Often as she uses the word "coruscating," never once does she spell it right; and, unless she is the victim of the printer, she writes "principal" for "principle" and "tustle" for "tussle." The whole book leaves an impression of voluble haste, of having been shovelled together against time.

Short Notices

THE AWAKENING OF JAPAN

By Okakura-Kakura. (John Murray, 5s.) The English globe-trotter visiting Japan has discoursed to us of pretty toys and dancing girls and paper lanterns. We picture the Japanese gentleman arranging cherry-blossoms in vases, and when his honour demands it committing suicide with much dignity. Of his religion and his politics we have known little. His success in war has been demonstrated lately, and the West has been quite ready to take the credit. Mr. Okakura-Kakura hardly touches on the lighter side of his national life, and that in itself makes his book interesting. He tells us of the great political movements that have stirred his country, of the military despotism under which it slept for centuries, and of the great rebellion that abolished the Shoguns and gave back power to the Mikado. He writes in English, so his book is presumably addressed to the English public, and for this purpose his style is too allusive. He talks of Neo-Confucianism, Zen doctrines, and Oyomians as if he politely expected the average Englishman to know something about them. His history too hardly takes the ignorance of his readers into sufficient account. It is as if you button-holed the first Japanese you met and spoke to him of Martin Luther and the death of Charles I. But he gives you a picture of a warlike and devoted Japan, whose present greatness is not a mushroom growth, but built on the solid foundations of national character. He has something to say about the White Disaster as compared with the bogie of the Yellow Peril, and he denies the purely imitative character of Japanese progress. In one respect he is unjust to the West, or at any rate to England. He says that we preach the superiority of our "art." We may be a stupid nation, but surely none of us are stupid enough to do that.

Books Received

Biography and Memoirs

- Byles, C. E., *The Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker*. Lane, 21/0 net. (See Review, page 168.)
 Innes, General J. J. Macleod, R.E., V.C., *Life and Times of General Sir James Browne ("Buster Browne")*. Murray, 18/0 net. (See Review, page 168.)
 Laughlin, Clara E., *Stories of Authors' Loves*. Iabister, 6/0.
 Wright, *The Poets Laureate of England*. Jarrold, 1/6. (The story of the Laureates from the earliest times told for "young people." Wordsworth and Tennyson are dealt with at greater length than the rest, and there is a discriminating chapter on the present holder of the office.)
 Wilde, Oscar, *De Profundis*. Methuen, 5/0 net. (A long letter, written from prison, setting out the changes in the author's view of life, his

new understanding of the meaning and use of sorrow, and his plans for the future. Edited, with a preface, by Mr. Robert Ross.)

Classics

Stewart, J. A., *The Myths of Plato*. Macmillan, 14/0 net.

Economics

Strangeland, Charles Emil, Ph.D., *Pre-Malthusian Doctrines of Population*. New York: The Columbia University Press; London: P. S. King & Son, 10/0 net. (A re-statement, as far as possible in the various authors' own words, of the theories and doctrines advanced prior to the publication of Malthus's "Essay" in 1798, with special reference to Economics. The theories include Greek and Roman, Oriental, Primitive Christian and Medieval, and all important modern views.)

Folklore

Fison, Lorimer, *Tales from Old Fiji*. The De la More Press, 7/6 net.

History and Archaeology

The Antiquary, Vol. XL., 1904. Elliot Stock.

Okey, Thomas, *The Story of Venice*. Dent, 4/6 net. (A new volume of the "Medieval Towns Series." Illustrated with six good reproductions of famous pictures, and some charming pen drawings by Nelly Erichsen.)

Law

Martin, William, *The English Patent System*. Dent, 1/0 net. (One of "The Temple Primers." An attempt to exhibit the English patent system as a whole, and free from unnecessary industrial and legal technicality.)

Military

Lads' Drill Association. Annual Report.

Miscellaneous

Clarke, A. L., *Manual of Practical Indexing*. Library Supply Co., 5/0 net.

Swan, Helena, *Christian Names*. Routledge, 1/0 net. ("Miniature Reference Library." The origin and meaning of all really common Christian names.)

Burn, John Henry, *Children's Answers—Shrewd, Witty, Nonsensical, and Pathetic*. Troherne, 2/0 net. (The collection of a quarter of a century. Some are capital; some feeble; but Mr. Burn wisely decided to include "chestnuts" rather than let his readers miss any good things that might be unknown to them.)

Natural History

Ward, John J., *Peeps into Nature's Ways*. Isbister, 7/6 net.

Poetry

Loveman, Robert, *Songs from a Georgia Garden and Echoes from the Gates of Silence*. Lippincott, 5/0. (Vivid and musical little lyrics by an American writer, sometimes lacking in distinction, but seldom in thought or passion.)

O'Sullivan, Seumas, *The Twilight People*. Dublin: Whalley & Co.; London: Bullen, 2/0 net. (Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan's verses have considerable charm. He belongs, clearly, to the young Irish school, and there is a haunting sadness and sweetness about most of his varied and often mystical lyrics.)

Reprints and New Editions

Wheatley, Henry B., *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*. Vols. V. and VI. Bell, 5/0 net each.

Fitzgerald, Edward, *Polonius*. The De la More Press, 1/0 net.

Palgrave, Francis Turner, *The Golden Treasury*. Routledge, 1/0 net.

Morris, Sir Lewis, *Poems*. Routledge, 1/0 net.

Crockett, S. R., *The Stickit Minister*. Unwin, 1/0 net.

Gorky, Maxim, *Three of Them*. Unwin, 1/0 net.

Wedmore, Frederick, *Dream of Provence and To Nancy*. Isbister, 1/0 net each. (See Review, page 171.)

Science

Geikie, Sir Archibald, *Landscape in History and other Essays*. Macmillan, 8/6 net.

Stocker, R. Dimsdale, *Soul-Culture*. Fowler & Wells, 1/0 net. (I. *Life's Inequalities: their Cause and Cure (Past)*; II. *The Mystery of Being: the Remedy of "Yoga" (Present)*; III. *The Predictive Art: the Rationale of Fortune-Telling (Future)*.)

Anderson, K. T., *Mind-Concentration and how to Practise it*. Fowler & Wells, 0/6 net. (Short and simple mental gymnastics for the increase of will-power and concentration of thought.)

Sport

Hodgson, W. Earle, *Trout Fishing*. Black, 7/6 net.

Theology

Thompson, the Rev. W. Halliday, LL.D., *Professor Huxley and Religion*. Allenson, 2/6 net. (Lectures delivered in Gresham College to a popular audience. The author's main question is "whether the application of the method of investigation and proof, illustrated by Huxley himself, to the problem of the origin of the universe, justifies . . . Agnosticism; or whether the hypothesis of a Personal Being, with attributes akin to those of man, is logically sounder and more reasonable.")

Periodicals

The Hampstead Annual, 1904-5. Edited by Greville E. Matheson and Sydney C. Mayle. Sydney C. Mayle, 2/6 net. (The new volume of this handsome annual contains recollections of Canon Ainger in his Hampstead days, and contributions from well-known writers like Beatrice Harraden, Grace Rhys, A. M. Buckton, and others. It is fully and excellently illustrated.) "New York Times Saturday Review," "Book News," "Atlantic Monthly," "T. P.'s Weekly," "University Correspondent," "University Record," "Dragon," "Good Health," "Cosmopolitan," "To-day," "Review of Reviews," "Nature," "Humanitarian Era," "Royal Magazine," "Isis," "Pall Mall," "Ulula," "Nottingham Library Bulletin," "Men and Women of India" (the first number of an illustrated monthly record of life and work in India, Rutoragur, Bombay, B1), "North American Review," "Publishers' Circular," "Twentieth Century Home," "Rand Ratepayers' Review," "Parsi."

Pamphlets

Skrine, F. H., *British-Grown Tea and Taxation: a Plea for a Free Breakfast Table*. Sidders.

Copping, A. E., *Pictures of Poverty, being Studies of Distress in West Ham*. Brorup, R. P., *The Struggle for America*. Fitzgerald, G. A., U.S.A., 25c.

Catalogues

Old English Pottery and Porcelain. Sotheby.
Books and Manuscripts. Sotheby.

Foreign

Educational

Cagnat, R., *Cours d'Epigraphie Latine*. (Supplement to the third edition.) Paris: Fontemoing.

Fiction

Andro, L., *Die Augen des Hieronymus*. Berlin: Frans Lederman.

Literary

le Breton, André, *Balzac, l'Homme et l'Œuvre*. Paris: Armand Colin, 3f.50.

Scartazzini, Dr. G. A., *Enciclopedia Dantesca*. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli, 8 lire.
Passerini, G. L., and Mazzi, C., *Un decennio di Bibliografia Dantesca*. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli, 12 lire.
Pansini, Alfredo, *Dizionario Moderno. Supplemento ai Dizionari Italiani*. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli, 6.50 lire.

Poetry

Bortoluzzi, Pio, *Le Versioni da Orazio. Serie Metrica*. Verona: Fratelli Drucker.

Reprints

La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri. Milan: Hoepli.

Science

The Fear of Death

By the fear of death I mean in the first place to indicate neither "the dread of something after death," nor the love of life; but the fear which has given rise to such a term as "death-agony."

It is apparently believed that the act of dying is a painful one, attended with a cup of mortal bitterness such as can be drained by no man twice: Death is the King of Terrors. It may be profitable to examine this belief and thereafter to consider certain of its concomitants.

In the first place I would have the reader take the word of one who has witnessed many and various deaths that the term "death-agony" does not correspond to any fact. Without concerning ourselves with the classification of the pathologists, who speak of death by coma, by asphyxia, by syncope and so forth, we may make the broad statement that the immediate cause of death, in all but very exceptional cases, such as accident, is the poisoning of the nervous centres by carbonic acid, which accumulates in the blood owing to the failure of the arrangements for its removal. This gas, let us mark, is an *anæsthetic*, and has indeed been employed as such, both locally and otherwise. This property of carbonic acid may be termed, without any philosophic criticism of the assumptions implied in the words, "a merciful provision of Nature." Normal death, if the phrase be permitted, is a painless occurrence, usually preceded by gradual loss of consciousness entailing no more suffering than going to sleep. The accumulation of this merciful gas often induces muscular contractions or spasms, which are preceded by loss of consciousness, but which may have suggested to uncritical observers that their moribund subject was in "agony." It is not merely that the pain of death is trifling as compared with the physical pain of a scald: it is non-existent. To this general assertion there are, of course, exceptions, as in the case of the agonising death by strychnine poisoning, in which the mind is clear to the last.

But before dismissing the simple question of physical pain, we may note the existence of a delusion lately exhibited in the public press, which referred to the Grand Duke Sergius driving to his doom, as "the unhappy man." The inference is that he was about to meet an undesirable, not to say "horrible" death. In point of fact, the last moments of his consciousness were in all probability as happy as those of such a man could be. Numerous and well-devised psychological experiments, supported by the testimony of thousands of cases in battle and elsewhere, have conclusively proved that in death by bullet or bomb the possibility of consciousness is annihilated before the consciousness either of pain or of imminent disaster can be aroused. The interval of time necessary to develop the feeling of pain is appreciable and measurable. The entry of a directly lethal bullet into the brain causes death in a shorter period than avails for any alteration of consciousness. Death in this form assumes its least painful shape. Obviously I speak of only one point of view. I do not refer to the need for preparation implied in the Churchman's petition to be delivered from "sudden death."

There remains for consideration a much more difficult question—the moral fear of death. It is, of course, obvious that this can exist only in a self-conscious being. It is only for those who can look before and after that the King has terrors.

Here I may perhaps be forgiven for reference to two recent works of art. At the recent Leeds Festival we heard Dr. Walford Davies' new cantata "Everyman," which is shortly to be produced in London. For my present purpose, and without pretence to be anything more than an amateur, I would compare this cantata with Elgar's inspired setting of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius": and of the five renderings I have heard of the latter, and the three tenors to whom I have listened, I will choose those in which the part of Gerontius was taken by Mr. Gervase Elwes. In both works the theme is death, the protagonist a dying man. In the cantata there is illustrated not the fear of death but the love of life which entails an unwillingness to die. This love of life might well be considered at length: but it is totally distinct from the fear of death. Of this I know no demonstration so poignant as Mr. Elwes' rendering of Elgar's setting of Newman's horrible poem. The Cardinal's conception of the ghastly visions of the dying man, when reinforced by the power of composer and executant, is an overwhelming and—save that Mr. Elwes is mortal—must surely be a perdurable and final illustration of the influence of certain religious beliefs upon the minds of those who accept them. Here, indeed, in the death of a pious and fortified believer, and not in that of an "unfortunate Grand Duke," is the veritable death-agony. No brilliantly-lit hall, no well-fed crowd, nor even the starched shirt-front of Mr. Elwes, can alleviate for me the horrors of what Cardinal Newman may be presumed to have regarded as the orthodox death-bed.

Beside this death of Gerontius, which I should like to hope is but the morbid imagining of an abnormal mind, without counterpart in human experience, the most fabulous tales of the horrors of the "infidel death-bed" seem anæmic and trivial. Indeed, they are mythical *ex hypothesi*, for only the believer in future retribution can fear to die, much though he may love to live or may sorrow for his loved ones' bereavement.

The fear of death, then, may thus be briefly analysed. In so far as it is a physical fear, it is baseless: the only peaceful and painless part of a fatal illness may be its termination.

In so far as it is a moral fear, it is conditioned by the mental power of anticipation. It follows that there is no horror in the contemplation of the countless millions of deaths that preceded the advent of man upon the earth, or those of the lower animals to-day. The death of a rose or a kitten may be sad, but neither is horrible.

Nor is it horrible "to cease upon the midnight with no pain." The fear of death, as death, is due only when it is believed that thereafter may or must be unhappiness—whether conditioned by the worm that dieth not, or by eternal alienation from the Deity.

I conclude that the fear of death is in full decline. The genius of that most illustrious priest Copernicus, nearly four centuries ago, dealt it a terrible blow, by destroying the geography of the Dantean Inferno. Since he made it impossible to believe that hell is a place, it must be concluded that it is a state. But meanwhile the unwitstood and unwithstandable development of "humanity" in human thinking has led to the displacement of the old belief by that of the Persian poet, "He's a good fellow, and all will be well."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Art

The Painter-Etchers—The Etchings of Maxime Lalanne

THE special feature of this year's exhibition is the group of etchings, dry-points, and mezzotints by the President, Sir Francis Seymour Haden, which are hung in three rows with a view to instruction, but also with admirable decorative effect. They are *hors concours* in every sense, for years have elapsed since the last of them was done, and their author has long been recognised as one of the greatest etchers of the nineteenth century. The dry-points include "Windmill Hill (No. 1)," "The Tank, Cintra," and "The Little Boat-House"; with the exception of "Sunset in Ireland," which is not exhibited, it would be hard to name more beautiful specimens of the President's work in this medium, and they illustrate its use with great variety. The value of dry-point as an addition to etching is exemplified by "Combe Bottom" and "On the Test." "Egham Lock" in pure etching may be compared with the same subject in pure mezzotint, and etching as a preparation for mezzotint is seen in No. 169, a proof of "Harlech" with etched outline washed with sepia to show what the effect would be if the plate were completed by the addition of a mezzotint ground. A number of such tinted etchings were included in a large exhibition of Sir Seymour Haden's work at Messrs. Colnaghi's gallery a few years ago, and the effect was sometimes so beautiful that it is surprising that etchers are not more often tempted to make such experiments. Sir Charles Holroyd has sometimes done so with success, and there is an old and laudable precedent in the work of Hercules Seghers. The President made a notable effort, a year or two back, to encourage the use of pure mezzotint for original work by exhibiting some rare examples of Turner. His own mezzotint landscapes in the lowest row this year are extremely beautiful; that may be said even of "The Test at Long Parish," an experiment on zinc, pronounced by the artist himself to be a failure, but it will be universally allowed in the case of "Salmon Pool on the Spey," a brilliant achievement in the rendering of atmospheric effect and the surface of water which even the best of the younger mezzotint engravers, such as Mr. Waterson, are far from rivalling. The most accomplished of them all, Mr. Short, uses mezzotint mainly for the reproduction of pictures, and this year he exhibits nothing.

Another of the veterans, Professor Legros, sends some of the latest numbers of his series, "Triomphe de la Mort," with a beautiful frontispiece. The uprooted tree makes a curious straight line half-way across the composition, but its position is fully explained by the boulders, hurled down by an avalanche, between which its trunk is jammed. Mr. Heseltine and Sir J. C. Robinson contribute landscapes in their characteristic and very different styles; the latter has a technique all his own, and his suggestions of vapour dispersing and penetrated by shafts of light are so beautiful as to deserve more attention than they have hitherto received. Sir Charles Holroyd exhibits "Nymphs by the Sea," the best etching of figures in the room; portraits of Professor Legros and Mr. Leonard Courtney, the first a fine example of pure line, the second rather marred by stippling; two pleasing Medway landscapes, and several Lake-country subjects, of which "Kidsty Pike" is the finest, though none are comparable to the large plates etched on a former visit to Borrowdale and the neigh-

bouring hills. Mr. Brangwyn makes a fine display with three large, massive studies of light and shade, "The Storm," "A Turkish Cemetery," and an immense plate of the scaffolding that surrounds the new buildings of South Kensington Museum. Mr. East does somewhat similar work in pure landscape, and one of the new Associates, Mr. Sydney Lee, may be counted an adherent of the same school, aiming at vigour and broad decorative effect. Very different from this, and, indeed, from anything else ever exhibited by this Society, is the work of two young recruits, the brothers Edward and Maurice Detmold; this, again, is nothing if not decorative; but it is Oriental in its inspiration: The plumage of birds, delicately etched in extreme detail, is the motive of most of the plates exhibited by these two artists; they are not always so successful with other textures, the skin of "Prometheus" for example; the "Dragon" is not so satisfactory a creation as the "Phoenix"; but perhaps their most excellent plate is the smallest and slightest, a "Long-Eared Bat," etched with wonderful lightness and certainty of touch. It is difficult for the uninitiated to guess how a plate so harmonious in finish can be the work of more than one artist; but it is signed by both brothers, whereas the other etchings already mentioned are catalogued as the work either of Mr. Edward or Mr. Maurice Detmold singly.

One of the most charming things in the exhibition is Colonel Goff's study of Italian pines at Viareggio bending under the stress of a gale. Admirable, too, and full of the magic of Italy, is "A Florentine Villa," though both here and in "The Old Road to Fiesole" the dark tint left on the plate makes the effect needlessly sombre. Dr. Evershed has been fascinated by the arches that span narrow alleys in the old towns of the Italian Riviera. "Pulteney Bridge, Bath" is the best thing Mr. Hedley Fitton has exhibited; his "Rialto" is drawn from an unusual point of view, already discovered by a well-known contemporary etcher; and the comparison inevitably suggested is not to the advantage of Mr. Fitton. Mr. Spence continues the entertaining illustrations to "Fox's Journal," in which he most excels. Fox, in one of these, meets Cromwell at Hampton Court. "And as he rode at the head of his *Lifeguard*," the quotation runs, "I saw and felt a *Waft* (or *Apparition*) of *Death* go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a *dead man*": a weird subject which Mr. Spence has turned to good account.

Only a few of the notable things have been mentioned, but the experienced visitor will discover for himself, among much that is insignificant, many compositions of merit in the quieter work of Mr. Oliver Hall, Mr. Synge, Mr. Wright, Miss Sloane, and Miss Margaret Kemp-Welch. Three members who had not exhibited recently—Mr. Laing, Mr. Gascoyne, and Mr. Bryden—have returned this year, but we miss Mr. Hugh Fisher, who was largely represented in the last exhibition. Large and over-elaborate etchings are, happily, fewer than usual; the work of Mr. Lawrence Phillips, for example, gains much by the limitation imposed by the choice of a smaller plate. The contributions of the foreign members

may be accused of sameness. M. Chahine is the most versatile, but he is not so well represented here as in the recent International Exhibition. M. Helleu's portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough will be much admired.

Lalanne, a native of Bordeaux who died in 1886, wrote one of the best practical treatises on the art of etching, and was himself an accomplished etcher. It would be exaggeration to call him a great artist; he lacked the unique gift, the touch of genius, which raises Méryon, Millet, and Legros to a place apart. But just as in literature the command of a clear and accurate style is the common inheritance of educated Frenchmen, so in the graphic arts good taste and a high degree of technical proficiency are shared by many French etchers of the second half of the nineteenth century who never rose to the highest rank. Among these skilful and tasteful etchers of landscape and architecture, Lalanne is eminent, and such an exhibition as Mr. Gutekunst has arranged, the most complete ever held, will certainly add to his reputation. The etchings exhibited, partly on the walls and partly in portfolios, are entirely from the artist's own collection and of the choicest quality, many subjects being represented by a series of states or trial proofs. The catalogue will be of permanent value as the most complete list of Lalanne's work that has been compiled; it follows the order of Beraldi, and adds a number of undescribed subjects at the end.

The general level of Lalanne's work is excellent, but he did not produce a masterpiece. He is at his best in coast scenes, views on the Seine, and subjects from the old streets of Paris, Rouen, and Amsterdam. A search through the portfolios will be rewarded by the discovery of many charming trifles, tiny landscapes, delicate etchings of a hare, and a sketch of the ever-fascinating Zaandam windmills. In addition to his original work, Lalanne occasionally reproduced pictures; and his renderings of Barbizon landscapes are especially good. The large "Coucher de Soleil" and "Clair de Lune" (after Daubigny), and "Mantes la Jolie" (after Corot), of which Mr. Gutekunst has acquired an interesting series of trial proofs, rank high as reproductive etchings. It is a matter of regret, in some ways, that so fine a collection of an etcher's whole work should be broken up; but the opportunity will be welcomed by collectors who wish to enrich their own portfolios. The exhibition closes on March 4.

C. D.

Drama

The Personality of the Actor

THOSE of us who, notwithstanding every disillusion, persist in regarding the drama—not, of course, the hebdomadal drama, but the ideal drama which has been and is yet to be—as a branch of literature are perhaps often tempted to be unjust to the players. Even more than unambitious playwrights and phlegmatic audiences, they appear to be the standing obstacle to the recognition of tragedy as anything more than sensational incident, or of comedy as anything more than the crackling of thorns under the pot. Of course, from their own point of view, the thing is intelligible enough. The actor, in his kind and degree, even though it be not a very exalted kind and degree, is an artist, and his aim, like that of every other artist, is self-expression. In the social relation, self-expression comes to mean the projection of the artist's personality

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over the personalities of others. To bring souls into captivity; to herd them like sheep to the sound of his own piping; that is his art. Precisely similar is the aim of the dramatist; only that, while the personality of the dramatist finds its expression in the inwardness of the play, in the ultimate emotions it evokes and the ultimate ideas it shadows forth, the personality of the actor finds its expression in its immediate and external elements, in the shades of manner and the intonations of voice, in the grace or eccentricity of gesture and outward behaviour. It is obvious that collision may easily occur between the will that is steadily compelling the attention of the spectator to the central meaning and the will that is steadily alluring it to the polished and decorated surface. In a reasonable and normal organisation of the drama, the difficulty is naturally met by making the author, the greater and more creative artist, supreme, and reducing the actors to the position of his puppets, pulled by strings at his pleasure, to take the part designed for them in the shadow-dance which bodies forth his dominant conception. He is the maker; they are the interpreters. And, in fact, the greatest actors have, in the long run, been those who have realised this for themselves, and have renounced direct self-expression to attain to the more subtle self-expression which comes by faithful and patient following of the tracks and windings of master-minds. Unfortunately, renunciation implies genius, and genius is rare; and the organisation of the modern English drama is neither reasonable nor normal. For this there are, of course, economic reasons. The theatre-going public takes a good deal of interest in acting, and very little interest indeed in literature. What it takes an interest in it is prepared to pay for, with the result that, while successful actors can very well afford to employ a playwright, hardly any playwrights are in a position to employ a troop of actors. In such circumstances employment for the playwright inevitably means that, whatever else he does or does not do with his play, he at any rate affords opportunities of self-expression for the masters by whom his work was commissioned. That is why plays are neither right comedies nor right tragedies, but are written round this or that personality, and achieve such fame as a hundred nights can give before they are thrown upon the dust-heap, by providing Her with a fresh excuse for picturesque poses and modish drapery and Him with yet another entertaining character-part in his inimitable vein.

Time, however, has its revenges, and the irony of the gods is satisfied when some such play, in which literature has been flouted for a price, is plucked by a rash hand from its oblivion and promoted to a place of perilous honour amongst its author's works. Brought away from the friendly footlights, with the glamour of mimicry no longer upon it, it resembles nothing so much as yonder enamelled dowager when the cruel light of dawn begins to steal through the parted curtains of the ball-room. Eminent names will yield examples. Here, now, is Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. There have been worse playwrights and playwrights who have realised less and cared less for the conditions and ideals of their art. I might quote passages from the preface to Mr. Jones' "Saints and Sinners," written in 1891, which show the very clearest perception of the nature of that antagonism between the author and the actor to which I have referred, and of the weaknesses in dramatic writing for which that antagonism is responsible. "The Manœuvres of Jane" was produced by Mr. Jones at the Haymarket Theatre in 1898, and has

now, in its turn, come to be printed. It has no preface by Mr. Jones in vindication of the ideals of dramatic literature. It has not even, like some other of Mr. Jones' works, an introductory essay by Mr. William Archer, calling attention to the place which it occupies in the dramatic renaissance of the nineteenth century. Nor has it any observations by Mr. A. B. Walkley. The play as I recall it was vastly entertaining. Miss Winifred Emery as the impulsive and headstrong Jane Nangle, Miss Gertrude Kingston as the cattish Constantia Gage, Miss Beatrice Ferrar as Pamela Beechiner, the marplot, were all funniness itself. I was convulsed with laughter when Mr. Cyril Maude, as Lord Bapchild, stood there with his affianced but unwelcome bride, plucking his new straw hat to pieces and twisting his feet in an agony of nervous indecision. But now that I read the thing in cold print, the humour of it seems to have evaporated entirely. I cannot raise a smile, and can only marvel that I should ever have been able to tolerate the triviality of the intrigue, the sketchiness of the characters, and the hopeless want of distinction in the dialogue. Was I hypnotised by Mr. Cyril Maude and his talented colleagues, since without them the whole piece seems to collapse like a pricked bladder? On second thoughts, I do not know why I should marvel so much after all. The actor's personality is a very real thing, and if entertainment is what you are after, you are just as likely to be entertained by it as by the personality of a dramatist. Only it expresses itself, not through dialogue, but through gesture and intonation and facial contortions; and when these are left out, as in a book they obviously must be, since the fullest stage directions cannot hold them, the dialogue which they have accompanied may prove inadequate by itself to constitute literature. Even so I am afraid it is with "The Manœuvres of Jane."

E. K. CHAMBERS.

On Piano Music

AT Herr von Dohnányi's first pianoforte recital of this year several points, apart from the music and the player, struck me as significant. That the Æolian Hall is about half the size of the late St. James' Hall; that it was just sufficiently filled not to allow any great expanse of empty seats to be visible in any one place; that the programme frankly began with the most interesting item of the concert; that this fact did not induce the audience to come more punctually than usual; that the programme frankly ended with one of the most highly sensational and ear-tickling effusions which Liszt ever penned for the piano, but that even this obvious bait did not induce many of the audience to stay to the end.

When the music began, one realised again, what London audiences have had frequent opportunity of realising in former years, that Dohnányi is not only, like so many other brilliant young pianists, possessed of a splendid technique, but that he plays the great F Minor Sonata with the conviction of a genuine Brahms lover. Perhaps he has not quite fathomed the depths of the first movement; there was vigour and energy without the commanding force which belongs to the first subject; but, on the whole, his interpretation was so clear as to bring out the beauties of each movement in a way that compelled attention. The Andante and Intermezzo were particularly appealing; the Scherzo carried one away by its exuberant spirit.

Between each movement the audience trickled in, and when the Sonata and the two Beethoven pieces which followed were over, they began to gently trickle out again.

Why? one is inclined to ask impatiently. Why this half-hearted attitude? What more can they want than such music played in such a manner?

One is almost forced to the conclusion that people do not want to hear piano music at concerts nowadays, when two such extremes as Brahms and Liszt are included in one programme, and the audience comes in after the one and goes out before the other.

A glance at the history of the piano may throw some light on the situation. It must be remembered that the piano came into existence with the development of formal music; that is to say, both the instrument and the art of playing it are exactly coeval with the sonatas of Beethoven. His first sonata was written for an instrument differing but little from the harpsichord; his thirty-second was written for the piano, practically as we know it.

It is always a difficult matter to distinguish cause and effect in such cases; the genius of the composer seeking more and more far-reaching musical phrases improves the technique of the pianist, and the improved technique calls for fresh inventive power on the part of the instrument-maker. Again, as instruments improve and the technique of the player becomes more perfect, the composer is set free to indulge in a wider range of musical ideas. So the various departments of art react upon one another and develop concurrently.

In the case of Beethoven, the great need laid upon him was to develop the most marvellous form which music has yet taken—that of the sonata.

In saying this, one need not lose sight of the enormous means of expression underlying the form; but, nevertheless, in Beethoven these are controlled by formal necessities. The piano was ready to hand as a convenient vehicle for working out formal problems. As long as the minds of his audience were mainly occupied with the beauties of structure and balance, the lack of colour, even the grave limitations in means of expression, which the piano at first possessed, were comparatively immaterial.

It was, then, as a means of hearing sonatas that the piano first attained popularity; but it was only natural that, when it had achieved its position, its usefulness should be tested for every sort of musical utterance. The romantic school, of which Schumann was the apostle, claimed it as their own, and used it as a means both to devise new forms and to convey the more direct expression at which they aimed.

In certain of these directions they found it particularly successful. The piano works of Schumann, which we now love most, are the short lyrical pieces—the "Kreisleriana," "Davidsbündler," "Novelletten," and the "Carnival" pieces; those of Chopin are undoubtedly the "Preludes" and "Nocturnes." Where they failed was in their attempts at larger forms. Their so-called sonatas had not, as Beethoven's had, that perfect symmetry of outline which the piano is so perfectly adequate to express; instead, they sought for a richness and variety of colour for which the piano was inadequate.

Short forms of descriptive music, not attempting to force the capacities of the instrument to extremes, proved to be not only possible but even delightful; amongst such are Schumann's "Kinderszenen" and "Faschingswanck." But when an elaborate programme was set up, it could only be illustrated by violent contrasts of light and shade in place of colour, brilliant passages of scale

and arpeggio, grotesque harmonies and distorted melodies. The result became a lurid sensation, vulgar in the extreme, like the startling headlines of cheap journalism or the most excessive vagaries of the impressionist school of painting.

The composer who most attained this undesirable result was Liszt, four examples of whose work Herr von Dohnányi played at his recital. The piece with which he ended was a most striking instance of what I have described—his "Venezia e Napoli" Tarantella.

There has appeared one man able to gather up the great expressive results of the romantic movement and weld them together into a great sonata form, in the person of Brahms. He, like the late G. F. Watts in painting, stands apart from his contemporaries—a great modern classic. We cannot classify him, nor explain away his position; he is unique.

The F minor sonata, from which we started, contains the formal beauty of Beethoven, the poetic depth of Schumann, and something which neither of these had, and which is purely and only Brahms.

But what is the bearing of all this upon the question of the present apathy towards public performances of piano music? It is, I think, this: we are still engaged in probing the possibilities of direct musical expression rather than of form. The wave of "programme" is still sweeping over us; we have not yet quite made up our minds how far it is possible to express definite external ideas in music. For this particular kind of development the piano has been proved unsuitable; it must belong chiefly to the realm of so-called "absolute" music.

The more graphic scenery and rich colouring of the orchestra lends itself more naturally to such treatment, and, consequently, it is in orchestral music that the movement is at present going on and progress is being made. Not that it is by any means impossible that the thirst for realistic expression of extraneous ideas should lead to gross vulgarity and mistreatment of the orchestra, as of the piano. Experience has shown us many such results, and it is not necessary to point to instances, but even the unsuccessful experiments have led to widening the resources of the art in melody and harmony and so increasing its powers of expression.

Meantime, piano music is necessarily rather at a standstill. The lyric pieces of the romantic school still hold a high place in the hearts of the music-loving public, and there is always to be found an inner circle of worshippers at the shrines of the great classics. But the main body of the people are drawn to concerts mainly by that which is progressive; they may not understand wherein the progress lies or whither it tends, but the spirit is in them to see or to hear some new thing, so at present they crowd to orchestral concerts.

Let honest-hearted pianists continue to play their Brahms and their Beethoven, notwithstanding. We are always better for it, and shall progress the more surely for keeping a firm whole upon our classical music. Let them not be led to compete for the public ear by thundering the startling sensations of Liszt and his school at audiences who gradually slip away between the movements. No; such competition is worse than useless. In the first place, it is doomed to ill-success, for those who need such excitement can find it more satisfactorily than in piano music; and, secondly, it only tends to confuse the taste of those attentive ones who come to listen to the art of a great performer.

It is probable that we have another great formal period in music still before us, that, when all these

resources have been fully developed, men will occupy themselves in using them to build up another great scheme of form, which will as far outreach sonata form as that outreached the contrapuntal forms of Handel and Bach. Whether the piano will have a part to play in this great work it would be impossible to predict, but it is probable that composers, sated with the sensuous effects of orchestral colouring, will set themselves to study once more at the keyboard; and it is certain that when that composer who has found in piano music a new message arrives, the public will not be slow to give him their attention, and a piano recital will once more draw a crowded audience.

H. C. COLLES.

The Consolations of Verse

Nor long ago the Jeremiah of a monthly magazine foretold the ultimate ruin of the United States because of the alleged fact that a materialised worship of the dollar is the consuming idolatry which is engrossing masculine energy there. The things of the spirit are neglected; and there are those who are resolved "to live by bread alone." But to the most materialistic must come at times a feeling that without "the light that never was" man's place would be one of ghastly sadness, dull fact, dull plodding business, worthless ambition, material pleasure, a stark and bare world unlit by a single glimmer of the imaginative light that glorifies it. Of course, all men are poets: though some are not aware of it, and many would scoff at the thought, as at an insult, connecting poets with dreamers and imbeciles, who do not look facts in the face; whereas they are only seers who behold more than the fact—and other facts—and are able to express what they have seen: only men who have lived and felt intensely and are able to express what they have felt. For poetry is the deepest utterance of life—of life's joy, of life's agony; and the time that has been most living in the nation's history has produced the greatest poets. Life and poetry are not separable. "By thine own tears thy song shall tears beget, O singer," is an incontrovertible truth, a test by which all poetry lives or dies; moreover the greatest quality in life is sincerity, and sincerity is the only soil from which a poem can grow to lasting beauty.

But many men pass through their days without a thought for poetry—with hardly a thought for beauty—many, but not so many as one sometimes imagines. Verse is but one ray from the large sun of beauty that lights the world, so bounteous is nature, the mother of life and of poetry, its manifestation; for nature would have all her children poets. Though the wren does not sing so sweetly as the thrush, or the blackbird as the nightingale and the starling is a rascal imitator of the songs of others; but the rook has his caw, the grouse his chuckle, and even the sparrow his incessant chirp. Some men could not face life without the aid of poetry, and now the word is clipped down to its trimmest meaning, and these thoughts strayed through the mind by way of excuse for enthusiasm, because the lover of poetry thinks in his heart that he to whom poetry means nothing has much to learn in life; and so his enthusiasm, which needs no apology, comes perilously near to conceit, for which no apology avails. Experience tends to show him that there is no petty nuisance in the play of circumstance, no great joy in life, and no great trouble, which poetry cannot smooth away or heighten, or make tolerable by investing the joy or the anguish with the beauty that lies in the depth of every human emotion. Take an instance how it lifts him from petti-

ness. He comes back tired with reality after riding on a slow tram or underground in metropolitan despair, and can see nothing but the crowd and the dirt and the weariness of life; then he turns to the splendid unreality of Spenser and paces with Artegall, knight of justice, and Talus, his page of iron mould, down the green glades of Faerieland, delivering lovely ladies from their cruel tyrants, slaying the Paynim, grappling with the "cursed cruell Sarrazin," or leaving all care for meaning, reads on, allured by the cadence of the verse, soothed and sustained by its sheer music, and the book droops in his hand and his mind gains a wider outlook and other lines come to him.

"Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;"

and gradually the heart opens like a flower before the flooding light of Beauty and the conviction, that had faltered, becomes strong again and the whole soul echoes the great cry of Keats—

"... In spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits."

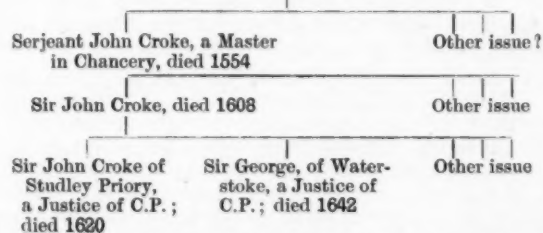
And the material side, which is only half, and the less important half, of life, gives place to the spiritual, which is life's true reality. "From link to link it circulates the soul of the world." Shelley was no mere dreamer when he finished that wonderful outburst of his in defence of poetry, written with the fire of inspiration in every sentence, with the words "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." He uttered common sense, but common sense impassioned. Hard facts pave life's way like cobble-stones in a market town, but there's a starlit sky above our heads it is good to remember, for the memory and the sight of it do not weaken but rather strengthen us to press on our way with fresh bravery—"Back and breast as either should be." Well, well, the point of a wet pebble caught by the sunshine sparkles like a diamond. There is consolation in the thought, though the pebble is unconscious and silent.

Correspondence

Richard Croke

SIR,—In a recent notice of Erasmus you make reference to a "ready writer" as Richard Croke, an accomplished Greek scholar of that time. On turning to the "Dictionary of National Biography" for details, I find that his origin is treated as matter of doubt. He has stated that he was early impoverished by a family dispute which deprived him of his rightful inheritance, so he claimed to have come of a good origin, and he was described in the Leipsic records as *equestris ordinis*—i.e., of knightly origin; other writers have connected him with the ancient race of Blound *alias* Croke of Oxfordshire and Bucks. Turning, then, to my *collectanea* I find this abstract pedigree:—

Richard Croke of Easington Manor, Chilton.



Our Richard was probably named after his grandfather, supposed, as above; and, as he survived till 1558, he was

contemporary with three knights [*equestri ordinis*]; this is a positive claim of relationship. He entered King's College, Cambridge, from Eton, in 1502, was of Christ Church, Oxford; D.D. in 1524, and died as Rector of Long Buckley, Northants, leaving a brother named Robert, also a beneficed clergyman.

I take it that a lad proceeding from Eton to a university would be of gentle blood, unless disqualified as "plebeian."
—Yours, &c. A. HALL.

"Religion for all Mankind"

SIR,—Your correspondent's complaint against the reviewer of this book is just; but those who, like myself, have read the work in question with thoughtful care have graver reason still to protest against the tone of half-contempt, half-indifference which marks the notice that appeared two weeks ago in your columns.

I have no personal interest whatever in "puffing" Mr. Voysey's book; nevertheless, as one not unacquainted with the apologetic literature of natural religion and to some extent conversant with the specious sophistries of the Agnostic and Atheistical schools, I can very heartily recommend to your impartial readers this modest but excellent little treatise on the elements of the Theistic Faith. It is an admirably clear, candid and persuasive statement of the grounds of rational belief; dealing, too, in a masterly way with the problem of the existence of Pain, Death and Sin in a world created and governed by a loving God.

Also—and this is indeed refreshing nowadays, when obscurantism is so prevalent—Mr. Voysey thinks clearly enough to dispense alike with the wretched jargon of the metaphysical cliques and the fog and haze of mysticism, magic, secrecy and esotericism. He writes with luminous common-sense: men of average intelligence can understand him.—Yours, &c. G. E. BIDDLE.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions.

SHAKESPEARE.

* "HENRY FIFT."—In the first folio of Shakespeare, which was published in 1623, the title "Henry Fift," instead of "Henry Fifth," appeared. The Old English ordinals ended in "sa" and "ta," but the "sa" class finally swallowed up the "ta" class. When was this change finally established, and is "Henry Fift" the last survival of the old "ta" class?—J.L.D. (Hove).

LITERATURE.

St. JOHNSTONE'S TIPPET.—In "Old Mortality" Cuddie says to his mother: "It will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dike-side, or to be sent to heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's tippet about my hause." We may compare with this the expression "Tyburn tippet" = a halter. What is the origin of the phrase "a Saint Johnstone's tippet"?—L. D. DOWDALL (Hove).

AUTHOR WANTED.—"Man will doch Rhodos sehen bevor man tanst." Who said this, and on what occasion?—J.M.M.G.

MIXED METAPHORS.—Is there any representative collection of these? There seem to be many interesting examples worth perpetuating—e.g. Milton's

Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? ("Par. Lost," xi.)

I once heard the following from a speaker: "You wish to free these black sheep from their chains with a stroke of the pen." Perhaps your correspondents could supply others.—D. DAVIES.

GENERAL.

* DOTHBOYS HALL AND OTHER SCHOOLS.—The other day I came across a pamphlet entitled "The Baron of Grogewig Papers," which appears to be a defence of Shaw's school (Dotheboys Hall, of Dickens). The pamphlet also refers to another school at Bowes, kept by a man named Clarkson, and it is alleged that Richard Cobden was educated at this school. Will some reader inform me who the author of the pamphlet was, and corroborate, if possible, the statement regarding Cobden?—D.F. (South Shields).

F. AND H., OF OATLANDS.—In the "Greville Memoirs" Mr. Greville states that in December, 1835, Lord Melbourne told him that he had been down to Oatlands to consult F. and H. about Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and to ascertain if he could properly make him a Bishop, but they did not encourage him. Who resided at Oatlands, where Lord Melbourne went, and who were "F. and H.," who probably prevented the broadest Churchman of his time being promoted to the Episcopal Bench?—Thomas Jones (Oldham).

"M" AND "N" TEMP. EDWARD VI.—I have amongst other peculiarities of the quaint spelling of Edward VI. I notice amongst other peculiarities of the quaint spelling of the period that the letters "m" and "n" are frequently omitted from words, and a hyphen or dash placed over the preceding letter, thus Jerusalem, m̄, Abraham, judgm̄t. I should be glad of an explanation of this.—Thomas Jones (Oldham).

BRIGHTON.—Can any reader say in what book or paper the name Brighton first appears, instead of the old name Brighthelmston?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

"GALLEYFOIST" AND "BULLION."—In Massinger's "Fatal Dowry" (II. ii.) the following words, spoken of a fop, occur: "You shall see him in the morning in the Galleyfoist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo." "Quirpo" means a state of undress (Spanish *cuerpo*), but what explanation is there of "Galleyfoist" and "Bullion"?—K.E.K. (Oxford).

Answers

LITERATURE.

EAGRE—EAGOR.—Some commentators connect these words, but, according to Murray, the etymology of *eagre* is unknown, the conjecture which derives it from *eagor* being untenable, since an O.E. *g* would have become *y* in Modern English. It seems evident from the sense that *higre* (*higre*, William of Malmesbury) is identical with *eagre*, though it is difficult to account for this phonologically. *Higre* is said to be identical with the Bavarian *higl*, *hidl*, the name applied to the rising of underground water level, resulting in floods, called *hidl-waters*. Since the spontaneous swelling or rising of water is a characteristic common to both phenomena, it has been suggested that the origin of both may be traced to the N. Frisian *hieen*, to rise or swell as water.—J.G.M. (Brighton).

* KIPLING'S NORNS.—The Scandinavian Norns were symbolical of Past, Present, and Future, and as such may be supposed to register, as well as to spin, the designs of fate. Undoubtedly Conchimarion is derived from *Conch*, a spirally formed shell, but the adjective-ending *-marion* is so far original. The tritons are represented blowing conchs, or, as we should say, trumpet-shaped shells; but the trumpet is an imitation of the conch. Derivatives of the word *conch* are fairly frequent, but Kipling's particular instance combines happily a sense of derision with the meaning "conchomic." *Reboantie* is a compound of *reboant*=reverberant, from Greek *ῥέω*, to shout. Possibly our vulgarism "to boo" comes from the same root. Mrs. Browning uses the form *reboant* (in her "Translations from the Greek"), but Kipling's variant introduces a touch of the ridiculous.—S.C.

"HOLY ASIA."—In "Prometheus Bound" Æschylus is not writing a drama of contemporary life, and has no remembrance of Asia as a "barbarian" or "foreign" land while he celebrates the great myth which had its origin there. Greek legend held that the continent was so named after Asia, the mother of Atlas and Prometheus; and at least it was the cradle of the race who treasured most profoundly their glorious mythic past.—S.C.

ROSEMARY.—The origin of the saying "Where rosemary flourishes mistress is master" was probably in the old idea that "rosemary" or "ros-marinus" (sea-dew) was "useful in love-making." The husband very much in love would allow his wife to rule him.—G. A. Jamieson (Cheltenham).

ROSEMARY.—"Where rosemary flourishes mistress is master." This saying is similar to one given by Timba: "Where rosemary grows there woman reigns." This olden belief is thus explained in the "British Apollo" (fourth ed.), Vol. III, 1740: "Rosemary is held an extraordinary thing to fortify the brain, strengthen the nerve, and recover lost speech, and since woman governs through the power of her tongue, it is no wonder she takes care to cherish that herb . . . in case of a failure."—K.S. (Bristol).

AN ARMY OF "BROWNEBILL" MEN.—The "brown-bill" was formerly used as an offensive weapon (similar to the halberd) by the English foot soldiers in the reign of Charles II., called *brown* from its being generally kept rusty, thus distinguished from the *black-bill*, which was painted black. The brown-bill men were therefore akin to the "halberdiers."—K.S. (Bristol).

"RECALL" AND "RECAL."—Mr. Newall seems to found his general principle upon one-sided instances. There is one obvious difference between (1) annul, rebel, expel, control, extol, excel, instil, distil, propel, enthal, appal, fulfil, (2) recall, befall, refill, unroll, enwall, foretell, forestall, unspell. The latter are naturally associated in our minds with familiar simple words; to save a letter would be to break a tie; hence the general tendency to economy is counteracted. Of the former even "fulfil" has strayed too far, in respect of meaning, from "fill" to be influenced by its spelling. We have "enrol" side by side with "enroll"; the former is due, perhaps, to the influence of *enroller*. As for the Elizabethan "recal," mistaken etymology—in reference to *recalciv*—may be suspected. Is it not probable, by the way, that the unthrifty spelling of Mr. Newall's own name is due to the influence of those familiar words "all" and "wall"?—B.M.G.

"LAVENGRO."—In Browne's "Religio Medici" I find the following passage: "To speak nothing of the sin against the Holy Ghost, whose cure not only, but whose nature is unknown."—G. Fox Smith (Bolton).

"LAVENGRO."—The sin against the Holy Ghost committed by Peter, the Welsh preacher, is given in Chapter lxxv. of "Lavengro": "I murmured out words of horror—words not to be repeated—and in this manner I committed the sin against the Holy Ghost." Compare with Mark iii. 29; Luke xii. 10. The sin is not denial of non-existence, but blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.—T.H.A.

LAVENGRO.—The sin against the Holy Ghost committed by Peter, the Welsh preacher, is stated in "Lavengro," Chapter LXXV.: "Awakening in the night, I determined that nothing should prevent my committing the

sin. Arising from my bed, I went out upon the wooden gallery; and having stood for a few moments looking at the stars, with which the heavens were thickly strewn, I laid myself down, and, supporting my face with my hands, I murmured out words of horror—words not to be repeated—and in this manner I committed the sin against the Holy Ghost." Compare his father's conversation with one of his neighbours, in the same chapter, with Mark iii. 29, Luke xii. 10.—T.H.A.

NATURE SMILES.—An example of the use of a manufactured article to supply a figure for Nature is found in Scott's poem "Rokeby," iv. 2:

The velvet grass seems carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet.—F.G.F.

LONG AND SHORT.—"O."—M. (Carlisle) inquires why the "o" in progress and process is sounded short. I am surprised to hear that it is so sounded. I always sound it long myself, and I am under the impression that I generally hear other people do the same. I have no doubt that the "o" ought to be long.—H. B. Foyster (Hastings).

A SOUL.—There does not seem to me to be any obscurity, either in grammar or construction, in this quotation. Paraphrased it would run thus: "I count myself to be happy in nothing so much as in [the possession of] a soul, which remembers my good friends." The omission of "the possession of" is common enough. Cp. "She is happy in . . . a dutiful son, obeying her in everything." This is exactly the same construction, and it would present no difficulties.—K.K. (Belfast).

A SOUL.—It is not easy to see any difficulty in the lines quoted. Perhaps their meaning may be made more plain by this paraphrase: "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in [the possession of] a soul, which remembers my good friends."—G.C.

SHAKESPEARE AND SCOTLAND.—No records exist which directly prove that Shakespeare visited Scotland, but as King James VI. of Scotland had granted to the company of players who visited Scotland in 1601 a royal licence to perform "stage plays," and had renewed the licence in 1603, when he ascended the British throne, to the same company of players, which consisted of "Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage," and others, it is inferred that this company visited Aberdeen in 1601 that Shakespeare was among them. In the Burgh Records of Aberdeen it is recorded on October 9, 1601, that the Provost, Bailies, and Council ordained the sum of 32 merks to be given to the "King's servandis presentlie in this burght, quha plays, comedies, and staige plays, be reasonn thay ar recommendit be his majesties speciall letter, and hes played sum of thair comedies in this burght, and ordains the said sosome to be payit." And then on October 26, 1601, amongst a number of noblemen and Frenchmen, the honour of the freedom of the Burgh was duly conferred on "Lawrence Fletcher comediane, to his Majestic."—D. R. Clark (Glasgow).

STELLA'S BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.—Other allusions in the famous "Journal to Stella" may throw some light on this subject. On April 28, 1711, the Dean writes: "Yes, Stella shall have a large printed Bible; I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible." November 3, 1711: "Ah, Stella, faith, you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that." (Stella or Dingley—perhaps both—had evidently compared him with the "unfortunate steward.") July 17, 1712: "Pp. (Stella) shall have a great Bible. I have put it down in my memorandum (memorandum) just now." Although Dingley has been described by Roscoe as "a woman of narrow income and limited understanding," ("Life and Works of Jonathan Swift," H. G. Bohn, 1853, p. xxiii), it is possible that her knowledge of the Bible was greater than Stella's. The Dean knew the value of the Bible as "literature," and doubtless wished Stella to know it also. That would seem to be the object of his teasing remarks in Letter XXVII.—George Goodburn (Homerton).

GENERAL.

TIB'S EVE.—There was a St. Tibba, temp. Penda, King of Mercia (615-626); she was commemorated on March 6, conjointly with, but subordinate to, two female relatives; but "Tib" is a low-caste corruption of Elizabeth, and is used freely for the female cat. Shakespeare has the term "tibe-rush."—Pertinax.

JUDGE'S WHITE GLOVES.—The origin of this custom is that in ancient times judges were not allowed to wear gloves on the bench; to give a judge a pair of gloves therefore symbolised that he need not come to the bench.—M. Maclean Dobrée.

UPWARDS OF.—This term, as applied to a certain sum—say, £2,000—according to Webster and other authorities means more than that amount; certainly not less, rather above than below. "Chambers's Cyclopædia," however, speaks of "upward of, or upwards of, as about the sum named."—K.S. (Bristol).

KILLIGREWS OF FALMOUTH.—In 1663 Drury Lane Theatre was rebuilt, and opened by Thomas Killigrew, the second son of Sir Robert Killigrew, of Hanworth, Middlesex, who had two other sons, William and Henry, these two being dramatic authors of some repute. Thomas, sometimes called the "wit," became page to Charles I., wrote nine plays, but excelled more in conversation than writing. William, the eldest son, was made Governor of Falmouth and Pendennis Castle. The Killigrews of Ardwinick, near Falmouth, were known in the fifteenth century. The Middlesex family of that name were possibly connected with the Cornishmen.—K.S. (Bristol).

* **POOLAB.**—"Poolab," being coupled with "robber," seems to mean "dishonest." Can it be connected with "pool," the money played for in certain games, and mean one who secures the pool by cheating or unfair play? Afterwards it would be applied to dishonest persons in general in the same manner as "cozener," "jockey," &c. "Pooler" would be derived directly from the "pool" of liquid in the vat.—G. A. Jamieson (Cheltenham).

"THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN."—Many years ago the present writer was looking at the west-front of Lincoln Cathedral, in company with a relation (himself a native of that city), and well remembers his attention being drawn to a grotesque carving there, and the remark, "There, my boy, is the devil looking over Lincoln." Interesting allusions to this saying may be found in "Notes and Queries," Fifth Series, Vol. V., June 24, 1875; Seventh Series, Vol. XII., October 24, 1891; "The Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. I., September 15, 1731; and Fuller's "Worthies." A foot-note on page 161 of "The History of Lincoln," published by John Saunders, 1834, has the following: "An alto-relievo over the niche adjoining the entrance to the north aisle is less rude in execution . . . yet in design and treatment is pre-eminently barbarous, being a reproduction of several human figures harried by demons to the place of everlasting torment, a subject, one would suppose, better suited to the celebrated gate of Dante than the entrance to a Christian Church" (Wild's "Lincoln," p. 17).—George Goodburn (Homerton).

"THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN."—The allusion in this phrase is to a grotesque gargoyle, representing his satanic majesty, which projects from the south porch of Lincoln Cathedral. As the cathedral stands on a fairly high hill, the figure seems to be looking down on the city at its foot. The phrase occurs either in Thos. Fuller's "Church History," 1656, or in the same writer's "Worthies of England," 1662.—Jessie Douglas Montgomery (Exeter).

[Replies also received from E.H.W.B. (Hove); M. Tupman; Richard Smith (Bolton); A.W.C. (Oxford); L.L. (Lincoln); M.S.; S.T.J.; and E. T. Quinn (Dublin).]

GUBBINS.—One of your correspondents asked for the meaning of this term a short time since. I find Webster describes them as a half-savage race in Devonshire, but cannot trace how they came to be called by this name, nor the true meaning of it.—K.S. (Bristol).

BRICK.—"A regular brick," a jolly good fellow (compare *τεταγμένος ἀνὴρ* "square," and "foursquare to all the winds that blow"). "A fellow like nobody else, and, in fine, a brick" (George Eliot, "Daniel Deronda," Book ii. Chap. 16); "He's a dear little brick" (Thackeray).—M. Maclean Dobrée.

"A BRICK."—The origin of this phrase and the story in reply thereto in THE ACADEMY of January 21—the reference to which is incorrect—is from Plutarch's "Life of Lycurgus." In reply to the question whether they should enclose Sparta with walls, Lycurgus replied: "That city is well fortified which has a wall of men instead of brick."—T.H.A.

THE JUDGE'S WHITE GLOVES.—This custom appears to have its origin in the limitations as to the use of gloves which prevailed in ancient times. The glove, as the symbol of the hand, was accepted as a pledge of good faith; gloves might not be worn in the presence of royalty, nor by persons officiating in a court of law. The former, because undisguised purity of intention was supposed to be shown by the bare hand and uncovered hands; the latter, because the administration of justice with openness and integrity was implied. Hence the presentation of a pair of white gloves on the occasions when there are no criminal cases signified that the judge was free to vacate the bench and assume the conditions of ordinary life.—S.C. (Hove).

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES.—Most historians are agreed on this point, that it was on the Isle of Athelney, or "Ethelengray," Isle of Nobles, where King Alfred took refuge after his retreat from his villa at Chippenham, A.D. 876, which was seized by Guthrum, the Danish King. Here Alfred hid from his enemies, and founded an abbey, A.D. 888. Many relics have been found. One, known as King Alfred's Jewel, now at Oxford, was found in the Isle of Athelney. In a herdsman's cottage, not being recognised as the king in disguise, he let the cakes burn before the cottage fire, and an old Somersetshire rhyme runs—

Carn thee mind the keaks, man, and doosen see em burn!
I'm boun thee's eat 'em cast enough az soon as tex tes turn!
—K.S. (Bristol).

ALFRED AND THE CAKES.—The adventure of the cakes certainly took place, if at all, on the Island of Athelney in Somersetshire. Here Alfred hid for quite a year in 878, and ten years later built a Benedictine Abbey in gratitude for his escape. The story of the cakes is given with detail, and the surroundings carefully described, by Asser, Alfred's personal friend; and it also occurs in the Saxon life of St. Neot, written before the Conquest, and in other early MSS.—E.C.H.

SIR WM. DAVENANT.—The germ of the tradition in question may perhaps be found in the "Athenæ Oxonienses" of Antony Wood, who was born in Oxford in 1632. He does not allude to any relationship between the two poets, but records that Shakespeare, in his journeys between Stratford and London, was wont to stay at the Crown Inn at Oxford, kept by John Davenant, whose wife "was a very beautiful woman of a good wit and conversation, in which she was imitated by none of her children but by this William." The best-known form of the story is that given by Oldys, the antiquary, who relates the jest made by a citizen of Oxford on the fact that Shakespeare was Davenant's godfather, and adds: "This story Mr. Pope told me, . . . and he quoted Mr. Betterton, the player, for his authority." We know that Betterton was industrious in collecting facts and anecdotes about Shakespeare's life, and visited Warwickshire for the purpose. The story was commonly accepted during Davenant's lifetime, for his contemporary, John Aubrey, notes that he was wont, when in a good humour, to hint at some connection between Shakespeare and himself, "and seemed contented enough to be thought his son."—G.C.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—The ascription of authorship to an Earl of Oxford who died in 1724 needs confirmation; we are not told that the Earl ever claimed it personally, the report being repeated at second-hand. De Foe has left some colour thereto by stating that he had received the MS. from another party, but that was necessary in a personal narrative which he could not have acted himself; and it was part of his mystifications, having written many personal narratives as works of imagination; look, for instance, at his vivid description of the Great Plague of London, 1664-5, while he was an infant born in 1663! Then he assumed the name of Drelincourt to palm off an unsuccessful book on "Death." He wrote politically *pro* and *con*, taking money from both parties. The original authority, a Lord Sunderland, died in 1722; the book appeared first in 1719, and in the interval this Reverend Mr. Holloway often heard the claim from Lord Sunderland, and from him only at "second-hand"; now there was an interval of two years—1722 to 1724—during which he could have tested the report by application to Lord Oxford. But nothing came of it till 1759, a whole generation of time having elapsed.—A. Hall.

"THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN."—In many Lincoln shops may be seen plaster figures of a quaint little demon, the stone original of which is to be found over the "Angel Choir" in the Minster. The story connected with it runs somewhat as follows. The wind and the devil, being good friends, were out on a jaunt together, and came to Lincoln Minster. The Evil One went in to hear the music, while the wind promised to wait outside—and there he still waits, for the devil was so enraptured by the singing that he sat listening until at last he stiffened into stone. If any one doubts this story let him climb up to the cathedral and hear for himself how the wind howls round it.—A.H. (Sheffield).

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The Academy

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